

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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WE used to pay twelve cents a pound for paper. During the war, it advanced to thirty cents. Last year, at one time, it fell to sixteen cents; and we joyfully prepared to increase the pages of the *Living Age* for 1866, in full proportion.

We were uncomfortably checked by a fresh advance of the price of paper to twenty-four cents. But as the sale of the *Living Age* goes on increasing, notwithstanding the competition of several new compilations; and as we have been greatly encouraged by the interest which our old subscribers have taken in adding new names to our list; and by the kind letters received from all parts of the country, including old friends long shut up in the South,—our enlargement will be continued; and we shall spare no pains or expense to deserve the favorable opinion which has been shown to the work for eighty-eight volumes.

It has been necessary to reprint a large part of the first volume of 1866. This completed the Third Series; and we are prepared to furnish complete sets up to the end of March, 1866. But it may be well for booksellers and others to take notice that, making so many pages a week as the work now contains, we cannot afford to stereotype them, and cannot long supply orders for back numbers of the Fourth Series. A time will very soon come when all subscriptions must begin with the current number. We are sorry that the good things which we gather should not always be accessible; but, as we grow older, we must work more from day to day, and not look too far ahead.

This number contains an unusual variety. Several articles which have been in type for some weeks are included. As "Friends" say "we feel great enlargement." The only "piece de resistance" is that on Shelley, whose life and character are very clearly shown.

It was a puzzle to Americans that England so long failed to see her interest about Maritime Law. The American Government went very far,—too far,—when it proposed to exempt private property at sea from capture; and it did well in withdrawing the offer. We desire to lessen the evils of war; but, until we can do without

it altogether, it is well to suffer some inconveniences to remain, so as to help keep the peace.

Notwithstanding their signal and acknowledged failure to understand American affairs during the war, the English papers with undiminished confidence discuss the process of Reconstruction. The *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and, in general, the papers which then took part against the United States, now write against the course of Congress. Our old ally, the *Spectator*, continues its friendly interest.

"The Anglo-Saxon let loose," seems intended to show that irresponsible power cannot safely be intrusted even to this masterful race.

The Coming Storm in Europe is not likely to make us desire the importation of the "balance of power" into our politics. We have had enough of war to satisfy even fighting men; and what we have now to pray for are ploughs and pruning-hooks, and that every man may pursue his industrious calling, with none to molest, or make him afraid.

Turner Photographed is one of the books one longs for. There are thousands of such beautiful collections published in London.

The movement toward freedom in the French Chamber will probably prove to be only the beginning of great changes there.

How to pacify Ireland is a duty which English statesmen must study; whether it can be done we can only learn hereafter.

Mr. Peabody's great benefaction to London ought to give encouragement to similar enterprises in his own country.

Most sensations seem to have been used for novel purposes. The article on Madness is apropos.

"Breakfast" will be studied by all who wish to begin the day well.

A Desert Island does not seem so purely sentimental or romantic after all.

From The London Review.

THE POETRY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOW.

E. L.*

HARDLY less famous in England than in America as are the "Biglow Papers," but few readers on this side of the Atlantic know anything of the serious poetry of Mr. J. R. Lowell. It is true that, in a certain sense, and the very best sense too, the "Biglow Papers" themselves are serious, because they embody principles of the gravest kind, and are penetrated throughout with the burning and quivering fire of the writer's devotion to what he regards as truth and justice. But they take a colloquial and ludicrous form, and it is not improbable that many readers, especially in the Old World, see the fun to the exclusion of the deeper thought. Mr. Lowell, however, is not simply a humourist, nor even chiefly a humourist. He has undoubtedly a comic and satiric vein, of a very genuine kind; his rough, dry, somewhat grim New England drollery is a strange admixture of Puritan force with Yankee shrewdness and oddity; but the Puritan element is the stronger of the two, though the less superficially obvious, and it overshadows the buffoonery with a weight of thought and of passionate conviction, such as render the wildest utterances of Hosea Biglow, Birdofredom Sawin, Parson Wilbur, and the rest of them, anything but flippant. The man who could write the "Biglow Papers" must be a man of a nature certainly capable of serious impressions, and probably capable of writing poetry in its more dignified and lovely forms. In the second series, indeed, a passage occurs which is in itself poetry of no mean order, though half-disguised in uncouth New England phraseology. It is an address to the Genius of America, and was quoted by us in noticing the work in which it occurs (LONDON REVIEW, September 17th, 1864). That passage had in it the true ring and accent of imaginative thought and speech — emotion trembling at itself, passion soaring on its own wings into the heaven of beauty and of power. But, ordinarily, whatever poetry there may be in the "Biglow Papers" is simply that which earnestness and genius always imply when they select a rhythmical form, however coarse and grotesque. The thoughtful and sensitive respond to it at once; but careless readers may not perceive that it is there, and

may set down the author as merely a facetious gentleman. For these reasons we are glad to see an English edition of the avowedly serious poems of James Russell Lowell given to the English public, and to have this opportunity of enlarging our own acquaintance with a writer who has unquestionably done honor to American literature both in poetry and prose.

Nevertheless, we are not prepared to place Mr. Lowell in the first rank even of American poets. He is certainly not the equal of Longfellow or Whittier, nor has he anything like the wild invention and goblin phantasy of Edgar A. Poe. Somewhat he seems to halt in his poetical paces — to flag in his rhythmical ascent. He is not *thoroughly* inspired, and constantly suggests a faltering toward something prosaic. We suspect the truth to be that the character of his mind is too analytical to be poetic in the highest sense. He is a man of strong convictions on a good many subjects, political and otherwise, and he uses his poetry as a means of explaining and enforcing his views. This not unfrequently gives to his verse the appearance of having been consciously and artificially elaborated with an eye to some collateral object, instead of arising simply out of the poet's impulse to sing. We are afraid it must be said of him that he has too great a tendency to lecture us; and, though his lectures are always directed towards noble ends, and are instinct with the loftiest spirit of belief in Eternal Wisdom and Justice, we are sometimes disappointed at finding the professor in his cap where we expected to see the poet in his robes. He seems himself to be aware of this defect, for, in his charming and witty poem, "A Fable for Critics," he makes Apollo say: —

"There's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb,
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusale'm,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

* The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, Author of the "Biglow Papers." Including "A Fable for the Critics." London: S. O. Beeton.

We had come to somewhat the same opinion with Apollo before we fell in with this passage, which does not occur until very near the end of the present volume. Only we would not put the case quite so broadly as Mr. Lowell, with droll candour, puts it against himself. His poetry has some true and admirable qualities; but he is a little too fond of drilling and exhorting us previous to that march to the last new Jerusalem. He is a thorough New Englander, filled to the eyes with the old Puritan enthusiasm in matters of principle, though with a breadth of intellectual vision and a warmth of human sympathy which the Puritans neither knew nor would have sanctioned, and which place him in thorough alliance with nineteenth century feeling. He is a passionate hater of slavery, and, in days long preceding the outbreak of the civil war, threw himself fiercely into the ranks of those who opposed the policy of the Southern section of the Union. The Fugitive Slave Law moved him to a very tempest of wrath, and the Mexican war of 1845-6-7 — which was unquestionably brought about and supported, in the main, by the Democratic party — gave occasion to what must, after all, be regarded as the chief production of his genius, the first series of the "Biglow Papers." Without entering into political considerations, which in this part of our Journal would be out of place, it must be admitted that the moral tone of Mr. Lowell's writings on these subjects is lofty and noble. He sees clearly the enormous guilt of slavery; perhaps does *not* see with equal clearness the great difficulties that lie in the way of suddenly undoing an old and transmitted wrong; sets up the severest standard of abstract right, and flames indignation on his countrymen for not at once accepting it as the measures of their daily life. His sympathies are with humanity in the general, and with the poor and lowly and suffering in the particular. His politics resolve themselves into the simple element of right — perhaps impracticably so, since progress is often compelled to adapt its pace to compromises; his religion is something more than a creed, or a decent observance, or a suit for Sunday wear, and goes straight to the everlasting truths of love and reverence and mysterious awe. All this is excellent, and it is peculiarly comforting to find so much devotion to first principles of right in a country where party politics have a more than usual tendency to degenerate into a vulgar wrangle. But the excess of morality necessarily results in a tone of didacticism, which, as Lowell himself remarks

through the lips of Apollo, mixes too much of the preacher with the singer. Even when not writing about slavery or the Mexican war, the author of the "Biglow Papers" is rather prone to instruct his readers. We see this in his poem on "Prometheus," the moral of which is the same as that in Shelley's magnificent drama, but which is wearisome in its direct inculcation of goodness, and its reproofs of tyrannous power. So, in telling the lovely old Greek legend of Rhæus and the Hamadryad — and exquisitely telling it too — Mr. Lowell cannot let us off, or rather cannot let us begin, without a little sermonizing. The same thing occurs in various other places; and it is only when he abandons this vein that we see what beautiful and sufficing things he can produce. His early poems, like those of most writers, are weak and vague, wanting in concentration and purpose; even the "Legend of Brittany," published in 1844, is rather too sugary and sentimental, though containing (especially towards the close) some very touching passages. But many of the minor poems are excellent, and we like Mr. Lowell all the better for infusing into his verse the spirit of New World scenery and life, instead of simply reproducing the stock figures of European poetry. His picture of an "Indian Summer" is full of glow and fervour:—

"What visionary tints the year puts on
When falling leaves falter through motionless
air

Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills!
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, trem-
ulous hair!

* * * * *

How fuse and mix, with what unfelt degrees,
Clasped by the faint horizon's languid arms,
Each into each, the hazy distances!
The softened season all the landscape charms;
Those hills, my native village that embay,
In waves of dreamier purple roll away,
And floating in mirage seem all the glimmer-
ing farms.

Far distant sounds the hidden chickadee
Close at my side; far distant sounds the leaves;
The fields seem fields of dream, where Mem-
ory

Wanders like gleaming Ruth; and as the
sheaves

Of wheat and barley wavered in the eye
Of Boaz as the maiden's glow went by,
So tremble and seem remote all things the
sense receives.

The cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered corn,
 Passed breezily on by all his flapping mates,
 Faint and more faint, from barn to barn is borne
 Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's Straits;
 Dimly I catch the throb of distant flails;
 Silently over head the henhawk sails,
 With watchful, measuring eye, and for his quarry waits.

The sobered robin, hunger-silent now,
 Seeks cedar-berries blue, his autumn cheer;
 The squirrel on the shingly shagbark's bough,
 Now saws, now lists with downward eye and ear,
 Then drops his nut, and, with a chipping bound,
 Whisks to his winding fastness underground;
 The clouds like swans drift down the streaming atmosphere.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar-shadows
 Drowse on the crisp, gray moss; the ploughman's call
 Creeps faint as smoke from black, fresh-furrowed meadows;
 The single crow a single caw lets fall;
 And all around me every bush and tree
 Says Autumn's here, and Winter soon will be,
 Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over all."

But Mr. Lowell is at no time more delightful than when, setting aside his exhortations, he talks to us in the language of wit and pleasantry. His "Fable for Critics" is full of humour and fancy. It is a "session" of American poets, after the fashion of Suckling's celebrated review of the wits and rhymsters of Charles II.'s age; but in metre and general style—in the mingling of humour and sentiment—in the dance of animal spirits, and sometimes in the very trick of the phrasology—it is more like Leigh Hunt's sparkling and airy productions, "The Feast of the Poets," and "The Feast of the Violets." He writes a preface, apparently in prose, but really in verse, in which, after referring to his adverse critics, he breaks out into a piece of hearty good humour and enjoyment. We will restore his sham prose to its true poetical form:—

"Now I shall not crush *them*, since, indeed, for that matter,
 No pressure I know of could render them flatter;
 Nor wither, nor scorch them—no action of fire
 Could make either them or their articles drier;

Nor waste time in putting them down—I am thinking
 Not their own self-inflation will keep them from sinking;
 For there's this contradiction about the whole bevy—
 Though without the least weight, they are awfully heavy.

No, my dear honest bore, *surdo fabulam narras*,
 They are no more to me than a rat is the arras.
 I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don,
 Or draw out the Lambish quintessence of John,

And feel nothing more than a half-comic sorrow
 To think that they all will be lying to-morrow
 Tossed carelessly up on the waste-paper shelves,
 And forgotten by all but their half-dozen selves.
 Once snug in my attic, my fire in a roar,
 I leave the whole pack of them outside the door.

With Hakluyt or Purchas I wander away
 To the black northern seas or barbaric Cathay;
 Get *fou* with O'Shanter, and sober me then
 With that builder of brick-kilnish dramas, rare Ben;

Snuff Herbert, as holy as a flower on a grave;
 With Fletcher wax tender, o'er Chapman grow brave;

With Marlowe or Kyde take a fine poet-rave;
 In Very, most Hebrew of Saxons, find peace;
 With Lycidas welter on vexed Irish seas;
 With Webster grow wild, and climb earthward again,

Down by mystical Browne's Jacob's-ladder like brain,
 To that spiritual Pepys (Cotton's version) Montaigne;

Find a new depth in Wordsworth, undreamed of before,—
 That divinely-inspired, wise, deep, tender, grand—bore.

Or, out of my study, the scholar thrown off,
 Nature holds up her shield 'gainst the sneer and the scoff;

The landscape, for ever consoling and kind,
 Pours her wine and her oil on the smarts of the mind.

The waterfall, scattering its vanishing gems;
 The tall grove of hemlocks, with moss on their stems.

Like splashes of sunlight; the pond in the woods,
 Where no foot but mine and the bittern's intrude;

These are all my kind neighbours, and leave me no wish
 To say aught to you all, my poor critics, but—
 —pish!

I have buried the hatched; I am twisting an allumette
 Out of one of you now, and relighting my calumet.

In your private capacities, come when you please;
 I will give you my hand and a fresh pipe apiece."

Mr. Beeton has done well in producing this cheap edition of a very pleasant collection of poems. It is to be regretted, how-

ever, that the press was not better corrected. The book contains many errors, some of them destructive of metre and sense.

From The Honolulu Friend.

A FIERY FOUNTAIN.

THIS eruption commenced near the summit of the mountain and only five or six miles south-east of the eruption in 1843. For two days, this summit-crater sent down its burning floods along the north-eastern slope of the mountain; then suddenly the valve closed and the great furnace apparently ceased blast. After thirty-six hours the fusia was seen bursting out of the eastern side of the mountain, about midway from the top to the base. It would seem that the summit lava had found a subterranean tunnel for half the way down the mountain, when coming to a weak point or meeting with some obstruction, it burst up vertically, sending a column of incandescent fusia, a thousand feet high into the air. This fire-jet was about one hundred feet in diameter, and it was sustained for twenty days and nights, varying in height from 500 to 1,000 feet. The disgorge ment from the mountain side was often with terrific explosions which shook the hills, and with detonations which were heard for forty miles. This column of liquid fire was an object of surpassing brilliancy, of intense and awful grandeur. As the jet issued from the awful orifice it was at white heat. As it ascended higher and higher it reddened like fresh blood, deepening its color until, in its descent, much of it assumed the color of clotted gore. In a few days it had raised a cone some three hundred feet high around the burning orifice, and, as the showers of burning minerals fell in livid torrents upon the cone, it became one vast heap of glowing coals, flashing and quivering with restless action, and sending out the heat of ten thousand furnaces in intense blast. The struggles in disgorging the fiery masses, the upward rush of the column, the force which raised it a thousand vertical feet, and the continuous falling back of thousands of tons of mineral fusia into the burning throat of the crater and over a cone of glowing minerals, one mile in circumference, was a sight to inspire awe and terror, attended with explosive shocks which seemed to rend the mural ribs of the mountain and sounds to wake the dead and startle the spirits in Hades. From this fountain a river of fire went rushing and leaping down the mountain with amazing velocity, filling up basins and ravines, dashing over precipices and exploding

rocks until it reached the forests at the base of the mountain, where it burst its fiery way, consuming the jungle, evaporating the water of the streams and pools, cutting down the trees and sending up clouds of smoke and steam in murky columns or fleecy wreaths to heaven.

All Eastern Hawaii was a sheen of light, and our night was turned into day. So great was the illumination at night that one could read without a lamp, and labor, travelling and recreation might go on as in the day time. Mariners at sea saw the light at two hundred miles distance. It was a pyrotechnical display more magnificent and marvelous than was ever made by an earthly monarch. In the day time the atmosphere, for thousands of square miles, would be filled with a murky haze, through which the sunbeams shed a pale and sickly light. Smoke, steam, gases, ashes, cinders—furnace and capillary or filamentous vitrifications called Pele's hair—floated in the air, sometimes spreading out like a fan, sometimes careering in swift currents upon the wind, or gyrating in ever changing colors in the fitful breezes. The point from which the fire-fountain issued is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, thus making the igneous pillar a distinct object of observation along the whole eastern coast of Hawaii.

During the eruption the writer made an excursion to its source. After three days of hard struggle in the jungle and over fields, ridges and hills of bristling scoria, he arrived near sunset at the scene of action. All night long he stood as near to the glowing pillar as the vehement heat would allow, listening to the startling explosions and the awful roar of the molten column as it rushed upwards a thousand feet and fell back in a fiery avalanche which made the mountain tremble. It was such a scene as few mortals ever witnessed. There was no sleep for the spectator. The fierce, red glare, the subterranean mutterings and strummings, the rapid explosions of gases, the rush and roar, the sudden and startling bursts as of crashing thunder—all, all were awe-inspiring, and all combined to render the scene one of indescribable brilliancy and of terrible sublimity. The river of fire from this fountain flowed about thirty-five miles, and stopped within ten miles of Hilo. Had the fountain played twenty days longer it would, probably, have reached the shore.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

It is a lamentable thing to see youth cut off in the flower of its physical vigour, and it is, if anything, more lamentable to see the first mantling pride of maturity relentlessly laid low; but the most lamentable of all spectacles is that of a man stricken down in the meridian of life, when moral and intellectual maturity is alone attained — when the errors of youth are finished — the fever of that wild season subsiding, and the character emerging stronger, better, and more hopeful. Such, we shall endeavour to show, was the case with the subject of the present essay, and in this fact lies the secret of much of the misrepresentation which has been published concerning him. He has been extolled to the skies by those who were naturally devoted to him as a divine poet; accredited by those who were under the spell of his personal fascination with the possession of every domestic virtue — nay, even claimed as a believer by friends, who, at the sacrifice of truth, would willingly rescue his name from apostasy; whilst, on the other hand, wanton detractors and bigoted purists have declared his poetry to be without meaning or genius, and his life to have been void of all purity or religious feeling. It will be our earnest endeavour to eliminate the truth from these contradictory statements, which, we think, lies, as usual, between the two extremes; for we shall find upon examination that, whilst he was not a divine poet, in the usual acceptance of the term, yet his poetry had in it many and marked evidences of genius; that his domestic life, though characterized by much tenderness of affection, was not faultless, since he drove his deserted wife to drown herself, through his open and wanton adultery; and as regards his religious belief, though, it is futile to endeavour to twist his creed into anything like Christianity, yet it contained the germ of a fruit which was, unfortunately, never to be matured. In our estimate of his character, therefore, we shall take into consideration this promise of better things, which was budding forth in his intellectual and moral nature, when he met his untimely death; cut off just as the sky began to brighten, the clouds to clear away, and the sun to shine forth in its glory.

Shelley has been unfortunate in his biographers. There have been memorials, and remains, and anecdotes published concerning him, but the only work which pretends

to the completeness of a biography — and it ends in its pretension — is that of Mr. Hogg, his friend and fellow-student, who, with pardonable partiality, never loses an opportunity of showing what a great man Shelley was, nor with unpardonable egotism, how much greater man he was than Shelley. His work would have been more appropriately styled the "Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson Hogg, with incidents from the life of one Shelley." It appears to have been used as an opportunity for describing his own appearance, views, and prejudices — of telling us what he said, did, and advised — of ridiculing the Welch, whom he visited, whose national character he has blackened, but whose hospitality and old port he condescends to admire — to vent his unreasonable, but harmless, hatred of Irishmen, and his contempt for Scotchmen — to vilify Oxford, and more especially University College, which, if his description be true, must have been little better than a common tap-room — to abuse Bulwer Lytton, for whom he wrote articles on Shelley and who, rashly venturing to make a few corrections, fell foul of Mr. Hogg, who publishes a letter from Sir Bulwer Lytton, which, compared with his own style of remonstrance, justifies the reproof and cold contempt which he received from the hands of the Editor of *Colburn*. On one occasion he met Sydney Smith, whom he declares to be "a noisy, impudent, shallow clerical jester," but does not tell us what Sydney Smith said to him. However, this gentleman's version of his friend's life is useful, inasmuch as it contains many of Shelley's letters, and descriptions of little peculiarities which came under his observation during his long and close friendship with the poet. From this work, and the various other recollections and reminiscences — more especially from the excellent papers of Mr. Peacocke, in *Fraser's Magazine* — it may be possible to gather something like the true version of Shelley's story; though, in using all these materials, great allowance is to be made for prejudices and predilections on the part of those who gave them to the world under the influence of the personal recollections of their subject.

In estimating the position of a poet in these latter days, it is difficult to settle what should be the criterion of excellence. It has long been the delusion of the world, that an approach to any of the great models was a sufficient criterion — not a slavish approach, which would be only an imitation, but an approach in spirit, vision, and conception. But if the accepted models are condemned,

then what are we to do for a new criterion? We are driven to these remarks by a criticism passed by one of those great reviews, which are supposed to form the public taste, and to provide plain men with a means of judging on these matters. The decision of the reviewer is so important that we may be pardoned for giving the matter somewhat *in extenso*.

In the *National Review* for October, 1862, there will be found a critique upon the poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough, of which we quote two specimens, and an important passage from the reviewer's opinion, in order that the reader may judge for himself:—

"He has a life small happiness that gives,
Who, friendless, in a London lodging lives;
Dines in a dingy chop-house, and returns
To a lone room, while all within him yearns
For sympathy, and his whole nature burns
With a fierce thirst for some one. Is there
none

To expend his human tenderness upon less?
So blank, and hard, and stony is the way
To walk, I wonder not men go astray."

The second piece is as follows:—

"Where are the great, whom thou would'st
wish to praise thee?
Where are the pure, whom thou would'st
choose to love thee?
Where are the brave, to stand supreme above
thee—
Whose high commands would cheer, whose
chiding raise thee?
Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
In the stones bread, and life in the blank
mind."

We do not quote these two passages for the sake of the poetic description of plethora in the one, nor the bit of false philosophy in the other, but that the reader may be more able to appreciate the criticism which follows upon Mr. Clough's genius:—

"When, at last, he wanted to do something, or was obliged to attempt something, he had occasionally a singular difficulty—he could not get his matter out of him. In poetry he had a further difficulty, arising, perhaps, from an *over cultivated taste*. He was so good a disciple of Wordsworth, he *hated so thoroughly the common-sing-song metres of Moore and Byron*, that he was apt to write what will seem to many persons to have scarcely any metre at all."

It is fortunate that we have this poetry and this criticism, as a warning to us of the awful consequences of an *over cultivated taste*. However, as two of our once cherished model poets are extinguished, we

must look elsewhere for a criterion by which to try the productions of Shelley. But, before doing so, we must commence with his life.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, on the 4th August, 1792. His father was Timothy Shelley, esq., son of Sir Bysshe Shelley, bart., then living. So that his father being a gentleman in something more than the common one-horse-gig sense, his grandfather a baronet, and himself heir to the title, we are relieved from all difficulty in introducing him to the reader on the ground of his parentage. Not that we look for such things in connection with poets, because the divine spark is more frequently dropped in the cabin than the castle, but still there is that ineradicable and praiseworthy feeling imbedded in every human heart, that it is a great blessing to have a presentable grandfather. A gentleman who has occasion to visit the library at the British Museum very often, was surprised lately at the number of pedigree hunters busily engaged in daily research, at that well known corner of the room where all the materials on the subject are kept, and upon inquiring the reason, was told that there was just now an unusual demand for pedigrees from America. Here surely is food for reflection. Universal brotherhood is at last becoming anxious to ascertain who has the best grandfather.

Of the first ten years of the poet's life we have no account, save what can be gleaned from a few letters written by his sister Helen, and published in Mr. Hogg's biography. From these we gather one or two circumstances, trifling in themselves, but suggestive of the character which was just beginning to develop itself, and also indicative of a certain peculiar affection of mind, which may, perhaps, assist us in solving the enigma of the man. It appears that he was a most beautiful child, with delicate hands and feet, best certificates of race, soft expressive eyes, a pure white skin, and bright ringlets shading his brow. In his earliest years, his mind manifested signs of that speculative tendency, which was its marked characteristic all through life. He was very inquisitive, and fond of experiment; he used to electrify his little sisters, and was once heard teaching his infant brother to say "Devil." The divine spark soon gave signs of its existence, for before he was ten years old, he and his eldest sister had written a play between them, and without saying a word to any one, sent it off with a letter to Matthews, who read it, and returned it, with a note to the effect that he feared

it would not do for acting. It is a pity that this first fruit of his intellect is lost; there must have been evidences of genius in it, written as it was in that tender age, to have induced a man like Matthews to give it a critical perusal. The point upon which we wish to call particular attention, as furnishing us the first clue to one of Shelley's idiosyncrasies is, that at this early age, upon one occasion he declared that he had gone to see some friends a little distance away, and was even circumstantial in his account of the visit, which upon inquiry turned out to be totally untrue, as he had never been near them. This is the more remarkable, as there appears to have been no occasion for the falsehood, which was voluntarily told, and told with every appearance of truth. We mention the circumstance in the order of its occurrence, as it will assist us in connexion with other events of a similar nature, to a correct estimate of Shelley's mental constitution. At the age of ten years he was sent to his first school, Sion House Academy, Brentford; the master appears to have been an empty pedant, as there is an anecdote of Shelley, who, perceiving that he only knew the *Metamorphoses* out of all Ovid's works, one day in a copy of verses he was writing, stole a line from the *Troica*, which the master condemned as bad Latin, just as Shelley expected, and for which he thrashed him, which was perhaps an unlooked for conclusion to the joke. He continued at the feet of this teacher for five years, when he was sent to Eaton, then writhing under the dominion of Dr. Keate, Old Keate, as they called him, an ogre who seems to have lived on smarting boys, as it is related by him that he thrashed eighty in one morning. A terrible school this for the sensitive dreamy young poet to come to, and a sad time he appears to have had: first of all his Latin verses were not appreciated, on the contrary he was thrashed for them, as Lady Shelley, with an amiable partiality and unconsciousness of the imperious demands of versification, deems unjustly: no doubt Shelley's verses bore the impress of his mind upon them, and there are few things we should like to see more than some of those early efforts; but Head Masters never recognise rising genius, they persist in looking for prosody. Then again, the fagging disgusted him, and he rebelled against, and refused to submit to it, which only tended to make his life at Eaton wretched. A great deal has been said about the fagging system lately, which like many other things, has its advantages and its abuses. A most severe ordeal for a

sensitive delicate youth, perhaps in a few cases injuriously so, but in its general result, there can be little question productive of some good. It is naturally a shocking thing for a tender mother to reflect sometimes that her little cherub, who has been so dangerously fondled at home, is now being engaged in obeying the caprices of some bigger tyrant; ordered to dance attendance upon his lord, to fetch the ball at cricket, carry home the bats, run here, there, and everywhere, and not unfrequently to "touch his toes," in order the more conveniently to receive the customary flagellation for want of diligence: but we must remember that the outside world is not peopled with cherubim nor seraphim, but with strong men and weak, and that all through life, in every place and capacity, the weak men are the "fags" of the strong; so that perchance it may tend to the little cherub's happiness in after life if he take his boy's share of the woes and trials of that miniature world, a public school. Before he left Eton, he appears to have written two romances, one called "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian," and the other, "Zastrozzi," as productions of a mere boy, wonderful enough, but fortunately for the poet's fame, now quite forgotten. His life at the great school was evidently an unhappy one, in the midst of the noisy crowd, with little or no sympathy for their sports or their laws, poor Shelley stood in all the solitude of genius, or strolled about the precincts of the place, his thoughts wandering far away in the wild speculations and wanton vagaries of a poet's restless soul. We can easily imagine the joy with which he hailed his release in 1809, when he returned to Field Place, freed from the horrors of fagging, the trammels of the gradus, the ferula of Dr. Keate, and ushered at once into a new world of moonlight strolls, cousin Harriet, and incipient bliss. The young lady it appears was on a visit to the Shelleys, and the moon-light walks and beautiful scenery soon accomplished the ends for which they are supposed to be especially created. It was the old tale of first-love, that romantic undying devotion which drives young people to furtive and ungrammatical correspondence—to lingering under boarding school windows, reckless of consequence, and impervious to wind, or weather—to the contemplation of celestial scenery, and struggling after rhymes to the "moon," which plunges the young heart into the sweet delirium of that fever of first love—the bright star which lights youth on at its life's starting point, and is even to

be seen glimmering faintly, but still glimmering far back in the dark distance at the end of the journey. Like most first loves, this of Shelley came to nothing; but before we enter upon that subject, we must follow him to Oxford, where he was sent in 1810, to University College. Like most enthusiastic freshmen, Shelley seems to have been imbued with the idea that the university was a sort of learned paradise, where the conversation was always upon the elevated subjects of philosophy and science, the frequent discussions of metaphysical difficulties, and interchange of sentiment upon the beauties of classic lore, for we find that the very first time he dined in Hall, he addressed himself to the gentleman who sat next him, upon the comparative merits of the German and Italian literatures — fortunately that gentleman was a freshman also, and not improbably labouring under a similar idea, for we are told that the conversation became animated, lasted through the dinner, and was even continued afterwards at one of their rooms, when to their mutual astonishment and relief they discovered that neither of them could read either of the languages about whose literatures they had been so eloquent. That gentleman was Mr. Hogg, whose destinies were materially affected by the simple circumstance of sitting next this young stranger at the college dinner table. So powerful and mysterious is that influence which genius exercises in this. A man accidentally sits down by the side of a stranger at a common dinner table in a college, that stranger is an undeveloped genius, and the work is done, the destinies of the victim of the accident are changed, his career shall run parallel with that of the poet; he shall be the depository of his feelings, his thoughts, his secrets; he shall follow him through life with a friendship which does him honour, and write a bad biography of him, which the critics say has made him ridiculous. However, these two youths became inseparable companions, and one of the most attractive portions of Mr. Hogg's biography is where he describes the life and surroundings of Shelley at Oxford. It is said that he had then a passion for chemical experiments, which introduced an additional element of danger to the chaotic condition of his room. It appears to have been always in a hopeless state of confusion — an assemblage of crucibles, crockery, powder cans, guns, articles of hosiery, pistols, books, papers, and money; a room one could not visit, neither remain, nor move about in with safety, and over this

realm ruled the restless spirit of Shelley, who piled the galvanic batteries, heated the crucibles, and filled the retorts at all hours of the night, and with such persistence that fears were entertained by those who smelt the effluvia and heard the reports, that in his eagerness for science Shelley would some day burn down or blow up the whole University of Oxford. His habits seem to have been characterized by that eccentricity which so often accompanies genius, and is so often mistaken for it. He would be seized with sudden impulses, and rush out of a room without any apparent reason; he was fond of throwing large stones into ponds, and dreamily watching the ripples on the surface; another passion he had was for making paper boats, setting them afloat, and watching their course; this he would do for hours on the coldest day in winter, and his companion, whose genius did not lie in that direction, complains with reason of the annoyance it was to him to stand on a frosty day and wait for Shelley, who at the sight of a running stream immediately began to tear up all the letters he could find in his pockets, make them into a whole flotilla of paper boats, float them and lost in thought watch their course across the miniature ocean. Then he took a fit of pistol shooting, and never went for a walk without carrying a brace of loaded pistols with him, which he would suddenly discharge at the first available object, a tree, a gate, or even fire in the air, much to the annoyance and confusion of animated nature; and being naturally forgetful and careless in his habits, there was a continual apprehension that in some ramble he would either shoot himself or his friend, or both. In his living he was most simple, scarcely ever drinking anything even at Oxford stronger than water, or wine diluted with water; he would sit lost in reverie, or lie asleep, curled up like a dog on his rug, before a large fire for hours: in fine, in all his ways his restlessness, his carelessness, his forgetfulness, he proved himself to be one of those wanton sons of genius, one of those wayward children whom the world like a fond parent scolds yet admires, chastises yet loves, bears with his caprices, endures his rebellions, sorrows for his vices, and when he dies cherishes the very memorials of his follies with all the tenderness of a mother's love.

The first thing he was told to do on entering the university was to read Aristotle, that philosopher being just as much the presiding genius of Oxford thought now as in the olden times, when she was the hot-

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bed of Scholasticism. Without venturing to assert, as a theory, that Shelley's scepticism was based upon the study of Aristotle, because we shall endeavour to show that his mind was naturally sceptical, even to a morbid degree, still we submit that it is possible, nay probable, that the incessant objections and minute distinctions, the material doubting, recalcitrant reasoning, so peculiar to the Stagyrte, may have had an injurious effect upon the opening mind of Shelley, and if it did not give it the sceptical bent, confirmed it in that inclination already imparted to his thought. The tendency of the Aristotelian mode of investigation, and of the Aristotelian philosophy is towards scepticism; there exists in proof of this, happily in the obscurity of antiquarian libraries, the mass of scholastic writings which sprung out of it during the four centuries of its reign in Europe; there is also the testimony of some of the greatest lights of the world to it. Bacon was an Aristotelian in early life, but broke away from it, and has left on record his deprecation of that philosophy; the most noted sceptics of the world were Aristotelians, and it was only when Aristotelianism was on its decline, and receded before the revival of the nobler system of Plato, that the Reformation, which was virtually a resuscitation of religious faith from the charnel house of philosophic doubt, made its firm stand in Europe, and in spite of the open opposition of statecraft on the one hand, and the sinister intrigue of priestcraft on the other, maintained its position, purged the Church, and gave to the world, in the form of the Bible, the very hand-book of faith itself. Shelley did not, however, confine his reading, more especially his Greek reading, to mere college subjects; he appears to have been very fond of the Greek literature, a fact we shall have to dwell upon more fully when we come to analyze his poetry. In consequence of this fondness, he had acquired a facility in reading Greek off at sight, which would have astonished some of the great Dons themselves. Mr. Hogg tells us he read it as easily as one would French; that he would sit for hours reading the simple text without note or reference to a lexicon; and it is only by the possession of this facility that the student can really enjoy any literature, appreciate its beauties, or imbibe its spirit. We hear sometimes of men weeping over such scenes as the interview between Hector and Andromache, in Homer, or Plato's description of the death of Socrates, and it must be looked upon as an evidence, not only of

a tender heart, but also of sound scholarship, because one could not conveniently weep, if between the tears he had to hunt up the words in Liddell and Scott. However, Shelley possessed this rare facility, and used it well; he devoted himself to the literature of Athens — that glory of human intellect; he devoured Greek by volumes; he was fond of Sophocles, and imbibed some of his sweetness; he has imitated *Æschylus*, not unsuccessfully; and if the bent of his mind inclined him towards Aristotle, his taste led him to Plato. His admiration for this latter philosopher was unbounded, but it was an admiration of manner, not matter; it was the style that charmed him not the philosophy. True, the ingenious theory of the eternity of ideas pleased his glowing fancy; he used to delight in dreamily speculating on our state of existence anterior to this, and once nearly frightened an anxious mother to death by stopping her in the street, snatching the baby from her arms, and wildly asking it to give him some information of that unknown world whence it had so recently come; but in every other respect as regards the fabric of his mind, or the inclination of his thought, he was no Platonist.

Whilst pursuing these studies at Oxford, he relieved their severity by composing burlesque verses, in which his friend joined him, which effusions were secretly published under the whimsical title of "*Remains of Peg Nicholson*" (a crazy old woman who had attempted to assassinate George III). They took immensely, were universally read, and strange to say, were thought by some to be the old lady's genuine remains. In addition, however, to this little amateur authorship, these gentlemen, who formed a community of pursuits, were in the habit of reading the metaphysical books then in vogue, more especially Hume's "*Essays*," of which they made an analysis. Out of these analyses, Shelley compiled a pamphlet which he got printed in the country, and from that time he adopted an ingenious device to entrap unwary people into a controversial correspondence with him. He would write to a stranger, enclosing a copy of his pamphlet, saying that he had come across it casually, and could not controvert its truth, and begging assistance. Many used to enter into a discussion with him, whilst some made no reply. Things went on very well, until Lady Day, 1811, when Shelley was suddenly sent for, and upon going into the Common Room, found the Master and two Fellows, the former of whom producing the unfortunate pam-

phlet, demanded authoratively of Shelley if he were the author of it. Shelley declined to answer any questions upon the subject; an angry colloquy ensued, which the Master cut short by telling him summarily that he was expelled, and handing him the sentence, which must have been already drawn up before the interview. In an agony of mind which can be understood only by those who have gone through a similar ordeal, poor Shelley rushed back to his friend, and frantically stammered out the intelligence of the severe sentence which had been passed upon him. Mr. Hogg very nobly stood by his friend, and wrote to the Master and Fellows begging them, on the part of Shelley, to reconsider their decision; in reply he received an invitation to a similar interview; the same questions were put to him as to his friend, and upon his refusing to answer, he was summarily expelled, and the sentence of expulsion handed to him. The manner of the Master of the College seems to have been very overbearing, and to Hogg even insulting. However, that gentleman dismisses him, with the following benediction: "I thank God I have never seen that man since; he is gone to his bed; there let him sleep. Whilst he lived he ate freely of the scholar's bread, and drank from his cup, and was sustained throughout the whole term of his existence, wholly and most nobly by those sacred funds that were consecrated by our forefathers to the advancement of learning."

Now, although it must have been very annoying to Shelley that the University of Oxford declined to recant their religious opinions, and embrace the gospel of scepticism which he had begun to preach, still we cannot help thinking that the authorities behaved towards him with undue severity. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that a vigilant supervision should be exercised over the opinions of a body of impulsive young men, living together in the freedom of university life; but to blast the prospects of a youth for writing a foolish pamphlet, without making any endeavor to reason with him, seems to be cruel, indeed, and when pursued by men who are under the vows of the Christian priesthood, most atrocious. How many men, who become good Christians in after-life, have gone through a little of that incipient infidelity, so attractive to the youthful mind; and it is not improbable that if Shelley had received more kindness, and a little parental advice from his tutors, at that critical moment of his career—if, instead of expelling him from their halls, they had merely advised him to try

"a change of air" for a time, the course of his existence might have been altered. He was one of those natures which yield instinctively to gentleness, but resist to the utmost, and even go far beyond their own intentions, when opposed by violence; and the injustice of this treatment at Oxford sunk deep into his soul, and tintured his whole life. One result, too, of this expulsion was the breaking off the engagement which had existed between him and "Cousin Harriet," which was a severe blow for him. For some time this young lady had entertained grave misgivings as to Shelley's opinions, and had consulted her father and brother on the subject. The affair at Oxford brought this hesitation to a crisis, and from that time she declined to have any further communication with him—jilted him on theological principles—so that the position of poor Shelley was most lamentable. Dismissed from college, discarded by his mistress, forbidden the paternal roof by his father, he went out into the world with feelings which can be more easily imagined than expressed. The only marvel is, that in some of his paroxysms of grief and rage he did not use one of his pistols to a purpose. But, fortunately, youth is hard to kill, and broken hearts were not in fashion, for we find Shelley soon consoled himself with another Harriet, and the young lady found a more orthodox lover, to whom she was married shortly afterwards.

The two friends came to London, and took lodgings together, where they lived for some time—Shelley in a very precarious manner, being thrown on his own resources, the indignant father declining to allow him anything, but recommending to his perusal the works of Paley (Paley, as he used to call it). Soon after their settlement in London, Mr. Hogg, whose devotion to Shelley redeems some of his defective biography, was compelled to leave town, and go to York upon private business. During his absence Shelley, who, doubtless, found "Paley's" works more edifying than nutritive, was compelled to fall back upon his sister, who was at school in London; and she, with all a sister's loving devotion, used to send him her pocket money, and little presents of various kinds, generously and affectionately. This faithful girl, whose good deed is mentioned quite incidentally in the biography, deserves to be immortalized, for she stood bravely by one of the world's great ones, when all the rest frowned on him and deserted him. But the means which this good sister employed to convey her little contributions to Shelley

were fraught with the most tremendous consequences. At the school was another young lady, whose father followed the praiseworthy but not very dignified occupation of coffee-house-keeper, and, as she was in the habit of going home, Shelley's sister induced her to carry little sums of money, &c., to her poor, forsaken brother. Thus met Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Westbrook — a fatal meeting for both.

Consequences which might have been easily predicted, soon ensued. Shelley was in distress and a poet, and the poor coffee-house-keeper's daughter, though not very poetical, had a heart, and that heart — touched with Shelley's misfortunes and naturally drawn to him by the confidential familiarity resulting from these secret communications — soon yielded to a gentler feeling, when, by-and-by, it was thrown in as another contribution, to lighten the sorrows of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Ultimately, an arrangement was come to with his father, who agreed to allow him £200 per annum, and things went on better.

Some idea may be formed of the state of his opinions at this time from the following fragments of letters written by him to his friend. Speaking of one of his sisters, who was carefully and judiciously kept away from him, he complains of her being "lost." He says: "She talks cant and twaddle. A young female, who only once, for a short time, asserted her claim to the unfettered use of her reason, bred up with bigots, having before her eyes examples of the consequences of scepticism, or even of philosophy — which she must now see to lead directly to the former — how can she be rescued from its influence?" Then, speaking of his third sister, Helen, he says: "There are some hopes of this dear little girl. She would be a divine little scion of infidelity, if I could get hold of her."

Lastly, from a letter to his friend Hogg, we find him also subjecting the fresh, young mind of his new lover, Harriet Westbrook, to this philosophic training, with a view to higher things, for he says: "I am now at Miss Westbrook's. She is reading Voltaire's '*Dictionnaire Philosophique*.'" And a little further on, he speaks of marriage as being — "the most unrequired fetter which prejudice has forged."

Six months rolled by, during which time Harriet Westbrook, having made some progress in the "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*" of Monsieur de Voltaire, and not a little in that unwritten philosophy of love, naturally felt some repugnance at returning to those suburban halls of learning, with its

discipline, its monotonous exercises, and its sky-blue beverage. She was no longer a schoolgirl — she was a woman — she had made more progress under the tuition of Dr. Shelley in six months than she would have done at the "Academy for young Ladies" in sixty years. She had read M. de Voltaire's "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*;" she had been to the Delphic Oracle, where Mr. Shelley, officiating as priest, had whispered the magic words in her ear, and henceforth there could be no more schoolgoing for Harriet Westbrook. Consequently, when her prosaic father proposed a return to her studies, that young lady manifested some reluctance, and consulted the oracle upon the subject, who advised resistance, upon which she acted; but, to the astonishment of the oracle, threw herself upon his protection and the £200 per annum. This was a vigorous step, but Shelley was not slow to respond to it, and the young couple eloped to Edinburgh in August, 1811, when they found, after paying expenses, they had not sufficient money to carry out their matrimonial intentions. An appeal was made to the landlord where they lodged, who advanced the necessary funds, until Shelley should get a remittance, and they were married, not at Gretna Green but at Edinburgh.

At this point it is necessary that we should say something about the lady who was now Shelley's wife, and who, in all probability, would one day grace the honours of his baronetcy. Though not bred up in the circles of the *haute monde*, where alone that indescribable but indigenous grace is to be acquired, her manners were polished and agreeable, with that charming ease of nature which accompanies the emanations of a pure and innocent mind. She was very fond of reading, especially of reading aloud, in which accomplishment she excelled; whilst she always graced any society to which she was introduced, yet she was satisfied and happy in retirement with her husband. She was devotedly fond of him, and did all in her power to accommodate herself to his tastes and habits; so that although the match was far from being what would be called an advantageous one — was not even a prudent one — yet it was evident that in this young and virtuous lady Shelley had become possessed of the elements of domestic happiness, and might reasonably look forward to that shelter from the storms of life — a contented home. What a wreck he made of his happiness we shall presently see. When they left Edinburgh the young couple went to Ireland, visited Cork, Kil-

larney, and Dublin; then to the Isle of Man, Wales, and Devonshire. From here they returned to London; but, driven by some restlessness on the part of Shelley they went into Wales again, and took a furnished house at Tanyralit, near Tremadoc, Caermarthenshire. At this place Shelley had what is now generally understood to be an imaginary attack made upon his life, and as this is the second of the instances already alluded to as bearing upon his mental constitution, we shall be pardoned if we give the matter somewhat in detail. The version given by Mrs. Shelley (Harriet Westbrook) is as follows:—they had retired between ten and eleven one evening, and in about half an hour, Shelley, fancying he heard a noise from one of the parlours, went down with two loaded pistols, went into the billiard-room, where he heard foot-steps; as of some one retreating, followed the sound into another room, where he saw a man in the act of getting out of the window, which opened into the shrubbery; the man fired at him, but he avoided the shot, and fired in return but the pistol flashed in the pan. The robber then knocked him down, and in the struggle Shelley fired his second pistol, and wounded him. He, however, got up and made his escape. It was then arranged that Shelley and a man-servant should sit up, and Mrs. Shelley retired; but in about three hours she heard the report of a pistol again, and rushing down stairs, was met by Shelley, whose dressing-gown appeared to be shot through. His explanation was that he had sent the man to see what hour it was, when, hearing a noise at the window, he went there, and was fired at again by the same robber, who pushed his arm through. Shelley fired at him in return, but his pistol would not go off. He then aimed a blow at him with an old sword, which the man tried to get from Shelley, when the servant's return put him once more to flight. Mrs. Shelley adds that nothing had been heard of this man, and a report had been circulated that it was all a fiction, invented by her husband to impose upon the tradesmen, and leave without paying them. Mr. Hogg himself says that persons acquainted with the locality and circumstances carefully investigated the whole matter, but arrived at the conclusion that no such attack had ever been made, and ultimately it came to be regarded as a delusion—an inference which a similar fantasy towards the end of his career will support. At one time he fancied he had caught elephantiasis from an old lady in a coach, and nothing could dissuade him

from the notion until a friend casually quoted the following passage from Lucretius:—

“Est elephas morbus qui propter flumina,
Nili
Gignitur Ægypto in media neque prater us-
quam;”

and the delusion was dispelled immediately.

We now approach that period in the poet's life when he committed an act which, in spite of our admiration of him as a poet, our pity for the misfortunes of his youth, our compassion for his errors, we can call by no other name than a deed of heartless cruelty, when he wantonly deserted his wife who loved him, had borne with all his caprices, followed him in his restless wanderings, and who was then the mother of two children. For three years this domestic happiness continued, obscured now and then perhaps, but only by those passing clouds which drift across the brightest sky. Letters there are extant, written during this period by Shelley, in which he speaks of her in the fondest terms, and beyond the self-imposed cares of a restless mind, there is no evidence of any disagreement or dissonance arising in their home. Exception may be taken in favour of two facts which have been dwelt upon by those who have from the most natural motives become the apologists of his desertion. The first is, that a wet nurse was employed for whom Shelley conceived a great antipathy; and the second, that a sister of his wife lived with them, whom he afterwards declared he hated. Domestic history furnishes us with few instances of passionate attachment between husband and mother-in-law, and perhaps the same rule obtains sometimes as regards the wife's sister, but in any case it is absurd to urge the existence of these two annoyances, which might have been terminated by a word from him as an explanation, or in ever so slight a degree as a justification of Shelley's behaviour. However, without employing hypothesis, we shall be able to show from facts, as we develop this portion of the narrative, that no estrangement had ensued between the poet and his wife up to the time of his desertion. Shelley was married to Harriet Westbrook in Scotland as we have shown in August, 1811, the letters in which he speaks of her in the highest terms are up to the end of 1812; but the best and most convincing proof of their affection for each other is, that after returning from the Cumberland Lakes, just before Christmas, 1813 he took a house at Windsor, and in

March, 1814, in order to avoid any ambiguity, was re-married to Harriet, at St. George's, Hanover-square, as the register book of marriages for that parish will prove, four months after which ceremony he deserted her. Now had there been a series of disagreements and estrangements gradually coming to a crisis as it has been asserted, at the catastrophe of which they separated by mutual consent, this would have been the last step they would have taken, because a divorce might easily have been procured in Scotland — in fact the theory of mutual separation is wholly untenable and inconsistent. What then was the real cause of the separation, or to revert to the proper word, the desertion? We must go back a little. At this period there lived in London a philosopher whose influence upon the thinking of a large body of his fellow countrymen was very great, but whose works and doctrines now happily sleep the peaceful slumber of obscurity. Those who may have the patience to wade through the strange views and theories upon social laws and customs as developed in the works of William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," will lament that the unquestionable genius of the man should have been so perverted. One of the tenets of this philosopher — that of the tyranny of the marriage tie, or the absurdity of attaching any sanctity to the marriage ceremony — has been filtered down, woefully degenerating in its progress, but by that very degeneration illustrating its nature, from the philosophical code of Godwin to the system of ethics taught in the bigamy and adultery novels which vitiate the fiction writing of these days.

For a long time Shelley had been an ardent admirer of the genius of Godwin, and become imbued with many of his doctrines: he had even opened a communication with him by writing, and long before they had met in the flesh, they were known to each other through the medium of philosophical correspondence. Ultimately an interview was arranged, and these two men met — the philosopher and his disciple — the former to enforce his peculiar doctrines by the more powerful agency of conversation — the latter to carry out those doctrines in a manner which neither had anticipated. Residing with the philosopher was a daughter, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, then a fascinating young lady, endowed mentally and physically with an unusual amount of charms; as a classical scholar she might have graduated in either University; as a philosopher she might have succeeded to her father's chair, and as an

author she won for herself no mean place before attaining maturity. Poor Shelley gazed on this prodigy, and fell, literally fell, before her. There can be no doubt it was one of those fatuities which do occasionally befall men in their course through life, and unless the victim possess a sufficient power of self-control, or principles of a still higher order, he yields to the tempting allurements, and is hurried on to social degradation, ruin, crime, and even death. It is one of the most subtle secrets of our moral constitution, and the most lamentable proof of our fallen nature, that the strongest amongst us, that is, the mere morally strong, is liable to be assailed at any moment by a temptation which overpowers him, to which he yields, and under which he sinks. The dark annals of crime attest this — it is the secret of all that deep guilt which springs up to the light from time to time in the most unlooked for quarters, where men who have hitherto led moral lives have suddenly given way to the impulse of some temptation, and plunged at once into the lowest depths of crime; it was that, and nothing but that, the secret operation of sudden temptation, against which no human training, nor human philosophy can guard, which prompted a hitherto honest, weak, timid youth to commit a murder upon his fellow-traveller, the bold atrocity of which shook all England with horror. This fatal liability of the unsheltered heart, that is, of the heart guarded and guided by nothing but its own strength, is a subject too often overlooked, its truth is attested by the history of many a dark crime, more especially of some recent crimes, and it was the consciousness of its importance which prompted that mystic prayer of David, "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Shelley fell in love with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, as we say, "at sight." His appearance shortly after the acquaintance betrayed the state of his feelings — his eyes were bloodshot, his face haggard, his dress neglected, he talked about suicide; he said to a friend, "Every one who knows me must know that the partner of my life must be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy: Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither."

Events soon came to a crisis, and the fruits of the philosophy which taught that marriage was a tyranny, and marriage ceremonies inventions, soon manifested themselves. On the 28th July, 1814, scarcely four months from the date of his re-

marriage with Harriet, he left her, his true wife, to the tender mercies of a scandalizing world, and fled from the country with a lady whose philosophy was her strongest virtue. Now, it has been said by one whose tenderness for the memory of Shelley is noble and praiseworthy, that if certain family papers are ever published concerning the circumstances attending his desertion of his first wife and elopement with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, they would acquit him of much of the blame which attaches to his memory. We cannot help expressing a doubt as to the probability of this, possibly a skilful pleader might dress up a clever defence; but Parish Registers are most prosaic things, and the public mind has a tendency to revert to them in matters of this kind, and the Parish Register of St. George's, Hanover-square, records that on the 24th of March, 1814, Percy Bysshe Shelley was solemnly re-married to Harriet; and we have already seen that four months after this event the same Percy Bysshe Shelley eloped to the Continent with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. We fear it would take evidence of an unheard-of character, and an immense mass of papers to divest the minds of Englishmen of the ideas that this act of Shelley was none other than a cruel desertion; that the phase of domestic life which he led up to the time of his deserted wife's suicide, was one of open, undisguised adultery, and that in the social category Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin during that time stood to him in no other relation than that of mistress. We submit that the lamentable end of his deserted wife would counteract the effect of any quantity of family papers. Strange to say, the theory of the elective affinities was fashionable just then—a sublime philosophy, preached by Goethe in his *"Die Wahlverwandtschaften."* A word of explanation may be necessary to explain the nature of this theory to those who have not read the novel of the great German. If a sentimental gentleman suddenly finds that he has an "elective affinity" for a married lady, and the married lady having no great "elective affinity" for her husband, contracts a little for the sentimental young gentleman, the ethics of that system justified any step they may choose to take—they being the subjects, but the unfortunate husband the victim of the "elective affinities." In this case poor Harriet fell a victim to those of her husband for Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. One other instance of the operation of this mysterious law we must subjoin. When

Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin left England they were accompanied by a Miss Claremont, and in their travels they fell in with Lord Byron, the ultimate consequence of which acquaintance was, that a certain child was mentioned in his lordship's will by the name of "Allegra," of whom this Miss Claremont was the mother by "elective affinity." After making a pleasant trip on the Continent, during which he wrote several letters, which were published, and the lady a "Six Weeks' Tour," Shelley and Miss Godwin returned to London, where they found that though they were rich in philosophy, £200 per annum did very little towards housekeeping; for we hear of attempts being made to raise means by negotiations with that marvellous people who (with a sharp eye to the present) in the back slums of the Adelphi, still await in patience the restoration of Jerusalem. In the summer of 1815 he took a house at Bishopgate, near Windsor Park, where they resided till the following year. Efforts were then made to induce his obdurate father to relent towards this worthy couple, and to testify such a desirable change of feeling by an advance of cash; but that ardent admirer of the works of "Palley" turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and though unwilling to see the future Sir Percy sink down the graduated scale of indigent vagabondism, still would do nothing until Shelley had assigned to him some of his expectations, when he granted his son an annuity of £1,000 per annum. This may appear to many to be what the lawyers love to call "keen practice," from a father to a son, and in fact poor old Sir Timothy comes out of the biography of the poet very sadly, and is much vilified. To read some of the denunciations heaped upon this unfortunate father, one would almost imagine that an old gentleman with a choleric temper was one of the most astounding and unusual forms of humanity ever presented to the world, and only worthy of being held up to universal execration. Shelley's widow complains very much of the cold treatment she experienced at his hands; but it must be remembered that after all, old gentlemen with choleric tempers are just the characters to conceive a strong dislike for ladies who run away with married men, especially if the victim turns out to be one of their own sons. However, the income of Shelley being now ample, he spent the winter at Bishopgate, in competence and literary ease. The charming natural scenery of the neighbourhood, the quiet, the freedom from

embarrassment, combined with the chastening effects of a severe illness, found vent in a short poem, now well known by the name of *Alastor*. But during his residence here, he appears to have had another strange delusion, which we will briefly describe. Mr. Peacocke, his friend, was on a visit at Bishopgate, and one morning wishing to go out for a walk, went into the hall for his hat, but it was gone, and only one of Shelley's remaining there; he then went into the library, when after some time Mrs. Shelley came in to tell him of a tale her husband had told her of a mysterious visitor who had called upon him, and made some communication. Mr. Peacocke expressed a doubt of the fact, and Mrs. Shelley left. Shortly afterwards Shelley himself came into the room with Peacocke's hat in his hand, and addressing his friend, expressed his surprise that he should be doubted, assured him that he had received a visitor, that it was Williams of Tremadoc who had come to warn him of a plot laid by his father and uncle to lock him up; that he was in great haste and could not stop, and that he (Shelley) had walked with him as far as Egham. Mr. Peacocke then asked him what hat he had worn, and Shelley at once replied, "Why this, to be sure." His friend then begged him to put it on, which he did, and it went over his face. Peacocke then asked him how it was possible for him to have walked to Egham in that hat, and Shelley made some confused remark to the effect that perhaps he carried it in his hand, but reiterated the assertion that he had walked to Egham with Williams, and complained of his word being disputed. He also declared he could see Williams on the morrow, as he had told him he should stop at the Turk's Head Coffee-house in the Strand for two days, and asked Peacocke to walk with him there and see him. His friend being anxious to solve the mystery consented, and on the next morning they set out together, but before they had got to the bottom of Egham Hill, Shelley turned round and said, "I do not think we shall find Williams at the Turk's Head to-day;" Mr. Peacocke replied, "Neither do I." Shelley then said Williams had mentioned that he might probably leave town yesterday, and very likely he had done so. Mr. Peacocke then suggested that if they called there they should at least be certain Williams had been there, and that would be sufficient, but Shelley turned it off with the remark, "I will take every means to convince you; I will write to him; suppose we take a walk?" A few

days afterwards Shelley told his friend he had received a letter from Williams with an enclosure, offered to show him the enclosure, which was a diamond necklace, but not the letter. Mr. Peacocke suggested that the fact of his showing him a diamond necklace would not prove he had received it from Williams, when Shelley refused to show him either, and the subject dropped. Such were Shelley's delusions, and they should be taken into consideration in estimating the mental calibre of the man. The old restlessness then came over him, and the quiet seclusion and beautiful scenery of Bishopgate tired him. They went again to Switzerland for a time, and returned to England at the end of August, 1816. But whilst Shelley was enjoying the luxuries of life at Bishopgate, writing beautiful poetry about veiled maidens and raving of mysterious visitors; whilst he and Miss Godwin, when they were tired of their charming and luxurious residence, turned their backs upon it, and travelled elegantly and pleasantly over Swiss mountains and through Swiss villages, gazing on the wonders of Alpine nature, and enjoying the comforts of the best hotels, what became of his unfortunate deserted wife? Time has kindly cast a veil of obscurity over this poor lady's history during that period of sorrow; but any man with an ordinary knowledge of life, may venture to fill it up. She returned broken-hearted and outraged to her prosaic father's house; to that home which she had left in disobedience an infatuated, wayward child; she now wandered weeping back a sorrowing mother with two children, turned loose upon the world by one who, whilst he wove the expression of the affections into the most beautiful web of poetry, blotted for ever by this foul deed his character as a husband and father. That she was received we know, but there was no mother to soothe or plead for her, and there is every reason to believe that her life was made still more wretched by the only protector left. Who can tell what passed during that terrible two years and a half? the recriminations and reproaches heaped upon that broken spirit, her own absorbing grief nurtured in secret, her weeping nights, her dreams of domestic bliss and her sorrowful awakenings—the mute pleading of her fatherless children, the burning sense of wrong ranking in her bosom—who can estimate that? or who shall say that she was all guilty, when after enduring her many sorrows and her undeserved woe for so long a time, until the heart was broken, the health failed, and reason tottered on its

throne, she ended her sorrows in the plunge of the suicide, rushed madly from a world which had cruelly ill-treated her, and sought mercy at the hands of One whose mercy endureth for ever? In the month of December, 1816, Mrs. Shelley drowned herself in the Serpentine — not at Bath, as it has been said, for her father had not left his house in Chapel-street, and to that house, from which she had been beguiled an innocent girl by Shelley, to which she had returned a deserted wife, she was carried back for the last time a corpse. Before that fatal month had rolled by, Shelley had married Miss Godwin (30th of December, 1816), and early in the following year they settled in a house at Marlow, which had been handsomely fitted up for them, with a large library, and every possible luxury. It was aptly said by Colton that "this world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another;" and the truth of that saying becomes apparent when we reflect on the moral anomalies which ensue in the world like that of poor Harriet Westbrook's blighted life. A young, joyous, innocent creature, with the light of hope beaming in its full morning brightness upon her, and in five short years ruined, crushed, deserted, and driven by desperation to rush madly out of existence by a violent death — what human law could adjust that? In what code or system, body of precedents, or digest of laws, is there any remedy for moral wrongs? How many sicken, totter, and fall on all sides of us, morally stricken with a deathblow as fatal as though administered by the hand of the assassin or the insidious art of the poisoner, whilst the perpetrators pass on through life untouched, unscathed, uninjured? What an anomaly this would be in a providential system, did we not know that there was a Final Tribunal where all these things can alone be settled, and how eloquently do these great unpunished moral wrongs speak of the absolute necessity of such a Tribunal, and how strongly confirm that saying of the philosopher, that "this world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another."

But we must add one remark before leaving this melancholy subject, because it illustrates the power which is invested in the hands of woman in modern society. It is her privilege to regulate not only manners, but to a certain extent morals; and what a tragedy would have been averted had Miss Godwin only exerted her privilege against the advances of the husband of Harriet Westbrook; but even for her there

is this to be said, she had been brought up in the sceptical school of philosophy, or rather the rational school, and taught to look upon matrimony as a mere human institution, having nothing divine or even obligatory in its nature.

But, strange to say, even her own case is an example of how vain it is for human nature to attempt to rebel against divine laws; against the great necessities of humanity. We have read of infidels who have fallen instinctively on their knees in the hour of extreme peril, and prayed vehemently to that God whom in security they had denied and blasphemed; and so here Miss Godwin, though a professed devotee to her father's philosophy, took care to undergo the ceremony of marriage as soon as the breath was out of the body of Shelley's wife.

During the summer of 1817, the year after his wife's suicide, Shelley wrote "The Revolt of Islam," which appeared first under the title of "Laon and Cythna;" but on account of the violence of some of the opinions expressed in it, a revised edition was published, and the title altered to "The Revolt of Islam." Although only three copies of "Laon and Cythna" were issued, one of these fell into the hands of the *Quarterly Review*, who lashed it in the best *Quarterly* style.

It will be remembered that there were two children by the former marriage of Shelley with Harriet Westbrook, and now that she was dead, he applied to her family for these children. They firmly refused to give them up, and a petition was filed in Chancery upon the question. By some extraordinary arrangement (made, it is said, with Lord Eldon's concurrence), all reports of this case were interdicted, and the judgment was not published in the newspapers. However, Lord Eldon decreed against Shelley, much to that gentleman's indignation, and contrary to the expectation of many. His decision has been often cavilled at. But, independently of judging a man's moral responsibility by his literary productions — a sad test for many, if that were ever made canonical — there were several cogent reasons for Lord Eldon's decision. There can be no doubt that he did not allow the facts that Shelley had written poetry and professed opinions which, however charming in their poesy, shocked the minds and outraged the feelings of well-ordered people to affect his estimate of the case. But there was this very awkward circumstance to be considered. Shelley had not only professed contempt for the accepted sanctity of the

marriage tie, but had defied all law, divine and human, by carrying his opinions into effect — had deserted his wife, and eloped with another lady. When a man in a passion vows to take a deadly revenge upon some one, he may be laughed at; but if he carry out his threat by taking his adversary's life, he is properly deprived of the power of doing further harm. Shelley had not only declared his contempt for the fundamental laws of society, but had practically illustrated his theory by openly violating one of the most sacred of those laws; and society, in the person of Lord Eldon, very judiciously decreed that he was not a fitting man for the discharge of the highest social duty — that of a parent. We fear there was not much remorse in Shelley's heart for his conduct. One faint expression of such a feeling we do meet with, but its expression was so ludicrous that it can scarcely be regarded as evidence of any deep feeling. On one occasion he confided to his friend Peacocke, that as he thought so much about his dead wife, and suffered such agony of mind, he had resolved upon drinking "a large glass of ale" every night to drown his feelings. However, amongst the lace-makers at Marlow he was very much beloved, for he won their affections by going about amongst them, and relieving their necessities. Indeed we are told that, as they were wretchedly paid, Shelley used to have a list of pensioners to whom he granted a weekly allowance.

But the handsomely furnished, luxurious house at Marlow, with competence and friends, embellished by the glory of literary success, all failed to bring peace to Shelley's mind. The old restlessness came on him, his home became hateful to him, and he fled from both home and country, never to return. On the last night he spent in England he went to the Opera, and heard that buffa of Rossini, which never tires English ears, "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*." He took with him his wife and their two children, both of whom afterwards died in Italy. Another, however, was born at Florence, who still survives, and bears the title.

During the year 1818, he renewed his acquaintance with Byron. But, even amidst the gay society, and under the charming sky of Italy, the troubled soul of the poet found no rest. We hear of them at Livorno, then at Florence, and last of all at Spezzia, in the bay of which Shelley had a villa. During his Italian sojourn he wrote the "*Prometheus Unbound*," and the "*Cenci*." Here we may remark that we have purposely abstained from passing any observa-

tion upon his works, because the object of this present paper is to delineate his life; the productions of that life we hope to examine on some future occasion. At Spezzia they made the acquaintance of Captain Williams and wife, which turned out to be a fatal acquaintance for Shelley. Williams was fond of boating, and had caused a small, light schooner to be built upon a certain principle, which appears to have been condemned by all those who were acquainted with the peculiarities of the Italian waters. However, Williams persisted in using this boat, and Shelley supported him. Just at this time Leigh Hunt and his family arrived at Spezzia, being invited by Lord Byron, at the request of Shelley. The two friends had only one interview before the end came. In the month of July, 1822, Shelley and Williams were absent from home, and in the afternoon of the 8th they set sail in Williams's pet schooner from Leghorn, on their return to Spezzia. Trelawney was to have accompanied them, but was prevented from doing so. He, however, watched them set out from Lord Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, and continued following their course until the *Don Juan* (for such was the name of the schooner) was lost in a sudden fog. Captain Roberts watched them also with his glass from the light-house at Leghorn. It was a beautiful day, warm and calm, when, as they were off *Via Regio*, and at a considerable distance from the shore, the sky became overcast. A storm suddenly arose, and swept over the sea, enveloping the *Don Juan* and several other vessels from the view. By-and-by it cleared off, and every other boat rode in safety on the waters, but the ill-fated *Don Juan* was nowhere to be seen. She had gone down, and Shelley had died the death of Harriet Westbrook. For some days the two ladies, the wives of Williams and Shelley, suffered the greatest anxiety and alarm. Byron says that Mrs. Shelley rushed frantically into his room, deadly pale, and shrieked into his ears, "Where is my husband?" — and that the expression of her face was such as he had never seen equalled in dramatic tragedy. However, about fourteen days after the accident, the sea gave up its dead, and the bodies of Shelley and Williams were washed ashore, that of Williams was burned, and the ashes sent to England for interment; the next day the remains of Shelley were subjected to the same treatment, in the presence of Byron and Hunt, and his ashes were buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

So ended the career of this strange individ-

ual, who has been a problem to the world ever since. He has been branded with infamy, like one for whom nothing could be said. He has been described as a madman, irresponsible for his actions, and he has found apologists for his worst errors and his greatest crime, whose zeal has done his fame more injury than the undue severity of the one, and the foolish theory of the other. The theory of his insanity is based upon the extraordinary delusions which we have noticed rather particularly, but if he were mad for that reason, there are very few sane people in the world at present. That he suffered from a mental defect is more than probable, such a defect as makes an otherwise sensible man utter things which are untrue, palpably untrue, and yet obstinately persist in asserting them. None but the victim of delusion — that species of mental aberration even yet not thoroughly understood — would venture, in spite of positive truth to the contrary, to make such assertions as did Shelley in the case of Mr. Peacock's hat, and the mysterious visitor. A man who is what is called "a liar," tells a falsehood, but always associates that falsehood with some degree of probability; but a man who asserts things which bear on the face of them their own refutation, in the extraordinary way in which Shelley did, without reason, and to no purpose, cannot deserve that opprobrious title: he must be a victim of some subtle abnormal state of the brain. There is a slight confirmation of this in the fact that Sir Timothy, Shelley's father, had a like failing; cases are recorded of him in which he used to boldly make statements, which people could scarcely restrain themselves from laughing at, and yet they were persisted in and made with the greatest seriousness. He has been even known to tell his acquaintances, with the greatest complacency, that his friend "Palley," as he would always call it, was indebted to him for the line of argument which has made his name famous as a defender of the faith. "As I said to Palley," was continually in his mouth. Now it would be hard to brand a man with the character of being a deliberate "liar," who gave way to such delusions as these. There are unfortunately people in the world who tell deliberate spiteful falsehoods, by which others are injured or they are benefited — this we can understand; there is also a species of what we call "white-lying," far more insidious, and far more contemptible — not exactly lying a *narratio falsi*, but a *suppressio veri*, not inaptly termed "sailing very close to the wind," a species of moral navigation at

which some good people are very expert. But Shelley's idiosyncrasy belonged to neither of these: we submit, once for all, it arose not from a wilful feeling, but from a diseased abnormal mental state. He was a man of warm affections, yet we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that in some things he must have been actuated by a selfishness almost morbid; a polished gentleman in his manners, of the utmost refinement of thought and feeling, yet at times he could be irritable and abrupt; an excellent and charming conversationalist, of a strong social disposition, yet he would be moody, silent, and reserved, and has been known to shut himself up in his room for a whole day, rather than meet his friends. He has left behind him proofs of the possession of an intellect of the highest order, which only required maturing and mellowing: there are passages in his poetry of a most exquisite delicacy of expression and conception: he had drunk deeply at the fountain of Grecian inspiration, until he became himself a true Greek. Another clue to his character, we may mention, lies in the peculiarity of his early training: he was unfortunate in his school discipline, and in the discipline of his home: he had the misfortune to go to Eton when the whipping block was in constant requisition: he was beaten by an empty pedagogue before that, and in his earliest years of home training he appears to have been misunderstood and wrongly dealt with. All Shelley's trainers, from his father down to Dr. Keate, and the Oxford professors, appear to have been of the rigid school: they would have brought him up straight, as straight as a poplar, but his inclinations were too strong; and so between them all they warped the material.

Shelley was contemporary with Byron and Keats, and we shall conclude this essay by recounting an incident in the literary life of each of these two last-mentioned poets which, if this should meet the eye of any aspirant after literary honours, may prove an encouragement and solace to him on his arduous way; also we wish to notice a remarkable passage in Shelley's memorial of Keats, which we believe has hitherto escaped observation. The literary incident is as follows. Both Byron and Keats fell into rough hands and were most severely castigated — we venture to think too severely — at the very outset of their career. But it is instructive to notice the different operation of criticism upon the two minds. Byron, when he brought out his "Hours of Idleness," was most severely handled by the *Edinburgh Review*, which told him, amongst

other things, "to forthwith abandon poetry and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities which are great, to better account;" that "mere rhyming of the final syllable was not the whole art of poetry;" that "a poem to be read must contain at least one thought either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers or differently expressed." This was severe criticism and small encouragement for a young writer; but Byron, instead of tearing his hair and giving way to melancholy despondency, sat down to his desk and wrote the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where the author of that stricture and the Edinburgh critics generally are ground up as fine as their own oatmeal—a sad spectacle for the contemplation of all future ages. However, vastly different was the effect of a similar criticism upon poor Keats; he was a sensitive and excitable being, and may really be said to have died of the *Quarterly Review*. He was in bad health, it is true, but there can be no doubt that the severe and, we think, unwarranted castigation he received preyed upon his mind, and hurried his death. In the year 1818 he published "Endymion: a Poetical Romance, in four books," of which the reviewer confesses at the commencement of his article that he could only, "by an effort as superhuman as the story itself, manage to get through one." It was called "cockney poetry—the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language." He was told that he had been "bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's criticism," and more than rivalled "the insanity of his [Hunt's] poetry." Poor Keats, after this attack, sickened, drooped, and died. Byron, alluding to his death in his "Don Juan," wittily says,

"'Tis strange, the mind—that very fiery particle—
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

He, however, refused to be "snuffed out" by his article, and lived to make as many guineas by his poetry as he wrote lines. Even Keats's poetry has survived the ad-

verse criticism of the *Quarterly*, and is read with pleasure.

Between Shelley and Keats there was a strong friendship and attachment, and one of the most beautiful of Shelley's productions is "Adonais," an elegy written to the memory of Keats, who is personified under this name. Towards the conclusion of this beautiful poem the lines mount almost to a prophetic strain, and marvellously hint at that fate which was to befall their author in the short space of eighteen months. He speaks of Keats as *Adonais*.

"The 'soft sky smiles; the low wind
whispers near.

'Tis Adonais calls; oh, hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can
join together."

And when Shelley's body was washed ashore, they found in his pockets, together with a copy of "Sophocles," a volume of his dear friend Keats's poems. We subjoin the concluding lines, which are still more striking, and seem to sketch the very incidents of his own death:

"My spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trem-
bling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest
given.
The massy earth, the sphered skies are
riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil
of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal
are."

Let us hope that in the crisis of that terrible storm, when his bark did go down, there was time given for a hurried prayer; and, if so, that the sins and errors, the wrongs and wantonness of his restless life, were all crowded into one last pang of repentance, in answer to which—even as it was to the dying thief on Calvary—the mercy of God was extended to poor, lost, sinking Percy Bysshe Shelley.

CHAPTER X.

NOMINAL LOVE.

KENNETH ROSS also betook himself to the Villa Mandóro.

Tolerably early in the afternoon (considering all that had occurred), he got languidly into an open carriage, and directed the coachman to drive there, leaving a message for Sir Douglas that he would join him with the rest of the party instead of waiting his return at the palazzo.

Truth to say, Kenneth had no great wish to meet Sir Douglas again so soon; perhaps to listen to comments extremely unpalatable on his recent conduct; certainly to feel embarrassed and annoyed by the recollection of what had passed. He had other reasons for desiring to pay this visit as speedily as possible, and he dressed with more haste than was usual with him, or consistent with his many little luxurious fancies, making one long pause before a full-length mirror ere he turned to leave the apartment, he and his valet both fixedly contemplating the image reflected there.

The valet smiled: he thought the young Excellency must be quite satisfied: no one could see more than that his Excellency was "*un poco pallido*," which was rather interesting than otherwise.

But for once Kenneth was too absorbed to care for compliment. For once he was thinking seriously; though it must be admitted those profound reflections entirely centred in Self.

He was thinking—with that irritated discontent which, in ill-regulated minds, takes the place of penitence—of all the scrapes, follies, and entangled snares of his past life. He was thinking, not without a certain degree of kindness, of Sir Douglas. Not with much gratitude; for it is a very curious fact that gratitude seldom follows over-indulgence; there is no gratitude where there is not respect, and a consciousness that the benefits conferred have not only gone beyond our deserts, but beyond our deserts even in the opinion of those who have conferred them. That fond yielding—that love without a conscience—which can "refuse nothing" to the object beloved, is trespassed upon again and again, without creating any corresponding sense of favour shown or sacrifices made. It grows to be depended on with blind confidence, but it is received with so little thankfulness, that if at any time a limit seems to be reached, and a halt made in the system of benefactions, the recipient forthwith looks

upon his position as that of an ill-used martyr. "The idea of Old Sir Douglas sticking at helping me now, when he has come forward a dozen times in much worse scrapes without saying a word!" was a speech of Kenneth's over which Lorimer Boyd had frequently growled, but the sentiment of which, to the speaker, seemed perfectly just and natural.

There is a training which helps a man to see life in its true aspect, and there is a training which leads him to see all things reversed and upside down. There are also, it must be confessed, men on whom, as on certain animals, no amount of training seems to tell: minds which no warning will impress: souls to which that text has no mystery and no meaning which bids us "stand in the way and consider which were the old paths, and walk in them:" hearts which are brayed in the mortar of suffering, and yet remain hard. And this because the inner human nature is subject to as much variety as the outward human form. You may take half-a-dozen children of the same parents, and put them under the same tutor and governess, the same spiritual pastor, the same conditions and opportunities of life; and out of all that sameness you shall have a diversity of character so startling that the utmost stretch of our intelligence can scarcely comprehend it. Yet we shut our eyes to the fact. Some rosy fearless prattler lifts its brilliant gaze, and tells us of another little one who stands aside and pouts, that her brother was "always shy from a baby;" some old nurse echoes the opinion that "Master Jackey was the troublesome one in *our* nursery; Master Willie was always easy to manage;" but not the less does "his honour the Magistrate" continue to rate the mechanic for having neglected to "look better after" the precocious little thief for whom the perplexed father says he "allays did his best;" and not the less do parents of honest well-conducted children complacently attribute to their own "bringing up" this satisfactory state of matters,—never heeding the patent fact that their dissolute neighbour, who has brought up *his* children on oaths and "skilly," is also the father of pious innocent daughters, and of laborious decent sons.

Nor can you shut your child in a crystal case, to save him from harm and pollution. You can but set good and evil before him for choice, (as much good and as little evil as may be,) and the balance of his nature does the rest: just as you can but give him the best mental teaching your means will supply, and the balance of his intelligence does

the rest. It was Solomon, not Jesus, who pronounced in the self-confidence of human wisdom that if you brought up a child in the way he should go, when he was old he would not depart from it. There are those who remain sons of perdition; those who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. It may be true that human hearts are as a general rule "deceitful and desperately wicked," but some hearts are *more* deceitful and *more* desperately wicked than others. The leaven of sin may exist in all, but most assuredly it never was so perfectly mixed as to secure to each an equal distribution. The "weak brother," and the man who "hath said in his heart there is no God," will display their varieties in the thorny open ground which has superseded the Garden of Eden, even as it came to pass, in the earliest motherhood on earth, that Abel reverently knelt to the All-seeing and All-punishing Creator, — and Eve's other son, Cain, slew his brother!

Kenneth had had his fair average chances. The good and the evil had both been before him. If his untought and ungovernable mother had made his holidays, both in boyhood and youth, times to try the relative proportions in his nature of better and worse; in those far longer periods which were *not* spent with her — the periods of school and college — he had the advantage of wise and excellent masters, and companions not likely to corrupt him. And even in his earlier home his tutor step-father had done his duty honestly and carefully by the boy; both before and since the mismatched marriage which Maggie's great beauty at that time bewildered him into making, even without reckoning the possession of a settled home where he expected to be, but never was, master. Over-indulgent Sir Douglas had not been there to spoil his little nephew; and his letters and theories were models of good counsel and grave affection.

Such as Kenneth was, then, he was of his own created nature; having resisted (what alone can be bestowed by the fondest guidance on the best or the worst of us) all attempts made to show him what was amiss in his inherent disposition, — all persuasion, however eloquent the persuader, to "stand in the way and consider," — all efforts to bring him not so much under the government of others as under self-government; the only rule which is safe from rebellion.

On this especial morning he had, as has been stated, that dim discontented consciousness of the result of his errors which

is quite distinct from, and independent of, any feeling of repentance. He felt that somehow or other things had gone wrong, and that they required setting to rights; and the mode in which he resolved to set things to rights was by marrying Gertrude Skifton, and giving up, after that, at all events in a great measure, many of the habits which led to so much disaster and inconvenience.

He had always intended this, ever since he had first made her acquaintance. He was what is called "smitten" immediately with her grace of manner, with her singing, and even with her looks, though Gertrude was not a showy beauty. He heard she had money; and altogether he settled in his own mind that she should be his wife. He made no more doubt of her acceptance of him, whenever he should ask her, than he did that the sun would rise next day. He had received what he not unfairly considered encouragement from her mother; he was constantly, incessantly, asked to the house; and though Gertrude herself did not do or say much in the way of encouragement, she was evidently more pleased to see him than other friends, and she was, he considered, "one of your quiet girls," who could not, under the circumstances, be expected to say more. He had intended to wait to make his uncle aware of his choice, till the scrapes and embarrassments of his position were cleared away. He could hardly go to Lady Charlotte Skifton and propose for Gertrude, till his affairs were in a little better order. But this morning he had changed his mind. He was afraid, after the scene he had witnessed, that Sir Douglas might consider some probation or purgatory necessary, which would not at all suit him. He resolved therefore to cast the die; to make the step he contemplated irrevocable, and *then* go to his uncle, and say, "You see I am engaged to marry this girl, a marriage that cannot but please you, who have been preaching something of the sort this long time. Now settle up the difficulties which press upon me and let me have a proper start, and I'll turn over a new leaf, — for in fact I'm sick of the life I'm leading."

When he entered the marble-paved sitting room with bright carpets scattered over it, which opened into the decorated gardens of the Villa Mandorlo, he thought, as Gertrude rose to greet him, he had never before seen her look so beautiful. Her complexion was ordinarily rather dull and colourless; but to-day a pink flush had settled in either cheek, and her manner had

something in it tremulous and excited, very different from usual. So different, indeed, that Kenneth began by hoping Lady Charlotte was "none the worse for yesterday," conceiving that Gertrude might be nervous on that account.

"No; not at all, thank you. Mamma is quite well; quite; and glad to go on our expedition. We are to sail—Sir Douglas says—to Amalfi. He said he thought it would be less fatiguing, and that you were not very well. Indeed you do not look well," added she, compassionately.

Kenneth was not sorry that he looked interesting and pale; and plunged very immediately into the story of his love and his hopes; having indeed arranged the thread of his discourse as he sat with folded arms in the carriage that had brought him to that familiar portico. A little, very little of the perfect security of acceptance which he felt, pierced through his love declaration. He tried to keep it under, but it was too strong for complete repression.

As Gertrude listened, instead of becoming more nervous and abashed, she turned extremely pale; and fixed her eyes at last on Kenneth's face with an expression of amazement not altogether untinged with pain and displeasure.

There was a moment's pause when he had ended his rapid and declamatory pleading; then she spoke, in a low clear voice.

"Mr. Ross, if I had ever given you encouragement—if I had ever even perceived the attachment you say you feel for me, so as to be able to give discouragement to such a suit—I hope you believe that I would not have left you in doubt on the subject. I never expected this; I never dreamed of it. I will end a position so painful to both of us at once; and tell you that Sir Douglas"—

"If my uncle has had the cruelty to come here this morning to poison your mind against me, only because of an unlucky scene at the Palazzo"—burst in Kenneth, with excessive anger, without waiting the conclusion of the sentence.

"You are mistaken, utterly mistaken; he never mentioned you except to say that you were unwell—that we had better sail instead of drive, for that reason."

"What then?"

"How shall I tell you? I had intended you should hear it from him. He is gone to your home. He went half an hour ago; he said he had appointed with you to return"—

She stopped, apparently in painful embarrassment.

"What had he to tell me?" said Kenneth, fiercely, his mind still full of the idea that his affairs had somehow been the subject of discussion.

"What I must tell you,—now,—at once,—and I hope then we may both forget what has just passed between us. Sir Douglas has asked me to become his wife, and I have accepted him."

Kenneth stared at her doubtfully, angrily, incredulously.

"You are to be married to Old Sir Douglas." "I am to be married, I hope, to Sir Douglas?"

With a loud hoarse scornful laugh, Kenneth rose.

"Come, you will not cure me by ridicule, of my attachment to you," he said. "My uncle is fond of treating me as a child; and if you and he have agreed on some way of reforming me, it is much better you should both be serious, and let me have the benefit of it."

The offended girl rose also, and with a degree of dignity and sternness of manner of which Kenneth had not thought that soft nature capable, she replied—

"It would, in my opinion, be extremely indecent to jest on such a matter. Nor is Sir Douglas likely to turn his anxieties for you into an acted comedy. I have engaged myself to be his wife. I loved him, I may say, before I even saw him. All I heard of him, all I read of his writing to Mr. Boyd, gave me the impression of his being one of the most loveable of men. I did not know in those days that this great happiness was reserved for me—that he should choose me for his wife; but what welcome you have had here (a welcome with which you now reproach me) was, I assure you, on account of your relationship to him. I saw you with interest—with curiosity—as the nephew of the friend whose letters Lorimer Boyd had so often read to us, and the bravery of whose gallant exploits he was never weary of recounting."

Kenneth did not speak. He stood, still staring angrily in her face. His head ached and swam. His hand trembled as he leaned it on the table between them.

"Mr. Ross," resumed his companion in a softer tone, "you are very young; I think you are very little, if at all, older than myself. You will forget the pain of this day, and you will believe—for indeed you may—that I shall always feel as Sir Douglas

does towards you,—and I religiously believe that you have hitherto been the main object of interest in his life."

She held out her hand as she spoke; but Kenneth did not take it. There are men who when they are rejected by one they thought to win, enter into the despair of sorrow; and there are others who under like circumstances enter into the despair of fury, and who say things at such times to the object of their so-called "love," which through all their burst of selfish frantic rage they themselves know to be cruel, atrocious, miserable and cowardly falsehoods.

Kenneth passed from the declaration of his so-called love into this despair of fury. He accused Sir Douglas of the basest treachery; of having supplanted him by a thousand manœuvres; of having been aided by Boyd to "cut the grass under his feet" from motives of vengeance; Lorimer having himself desired to attain the destiny which he, Kenneth, had made his one great hope in existence. He accused Gertrude of "throwing him over," because his uncle and Boyd had conspired to betray to her his embarrassed circumstances; of preferring Sir Douglas only after she had made the discovery that Kenneth was not to be his uncle's heir; of coquetting, and flattering the former into a passion for her, because she thought it a finer thing to be Lady Ross of Glenrossie than to share his own less magnificent home. He told her he did not believe that she had been indifferent to him, or blind to his obvious attachment; that it was all humbug about his welcome having been given for his unknown uncle's sake. As to that falsehearted uncle, he bitterly affirmed that if Sir Douglas married her, he was marrying from anger, not from love; marrying because he was disappointed in his idea of governing and bullying as if Kenneth were still at school. That no one had a worse opinion of women generally. A thousand times Kenneth had heard him speak of the sex with contemptuous pity and mistrust; and a thousand times declare that he himself never intended to marry, even when urging his nephew to do so. Finally he alluded to Gertrude's "jilting, or having been jilted by," the foreign prince to whom her mother had endeavoured to marry her. He made the open taunt that "even now, perhaps, she did not know her own mind;" and he stopped raving only because his heart beat so violently that he feared another moment would bring death to end its tumult. Panting, wild, staggering backwards, he dropped into his chair.

"O Mr. Ross, will you hear me?" murmured the girl he had so insulted, approaching him with that mixture of pity and dread which may be seen in the countenances of those who are nursing a delirious patient.

"Do let me speak to you!" and she glided yet nearer, and rested her trembling fingers lightly on his sleeve, as his clenched hand stretched across the table.

In an instant he started to his feet again.

"Don't touch me, girl!" gasped he in a thick suffocated whisper; "don't dare to touch me! Your touch makes me comprehend how men are brought to commit great crimes! I tell you," and his voice rose again, "that I do not believe you; and if I find it true, and that I have been made a dupe and a sport of, between you and my uncle and Boyd, I will stab Sir Douglas in the open street,—so help me Heaven!"

With this blasphemous adjuration he reeled towards the door; it opened as he reached it, and Lady Charlotte, with a puzzled expression of fear on her face, confronted him.

"What are you both talking of, so loud and dreadfully?" she said.

"O mamma! beg Mr. Ross not to go just yet! beg him to wait till—till!"

Gertrude looked in her mother's gentle foolish bewildered face,—made an attempt to meet her, and fainted.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAYWARD HEART.

THEN Kenneth had an opportunity of verifying the truth of a beautiful saying, namely, that God, who makes such various degrees of weakness and strength in this world of ours, never yet made anything so weak that it will not seek to defend what it loves.

The feeble silly woman who was Gertrude's mother, said her few true words of protection and defence, as sensibly as if she had been the most strong-minded of females; reproaching Kenneth for his want of chivalrous feeling, and gentlemanlike patience under disappointment. She relapsed, indeed, into querulous foolishness at one moment, when she told the exasperated young man, that if he really loved her daughter, he "ought to be glad to see her better married than to himself;" and that of course, for her own part, she liked better to have Sir Douglas with her, who amused her and treated her with consideration than Kenneth, who only laughed at her. Neither could she forbear adding, with reference to

the new suitor for her daughter's hand, that she felt more as if he was a papa-in-law than a son-in-law, as she herself was not very old, and Gertrude was so much younger, and there was "so much unexpectedness about the matter;" but she was sure it would make everybody very happy (Kenneth included) "by and by, when they all got used to it."

Gertrude, in a few trembling sentences, better adapted to soften the wrathful and selfish mood of her disappointed lover, obtained at last of him that he would behave outwardly as if nothing had occurred; await with what patience he could Sir Douglas's explanation, and allow all arrangements to proceed for their day together, without blighting it by a vain storm of unavailing complaint.

"It is partly for your own sake, Mr. Ross," she added, in a voice as sweet as her singing, and with a sorrowful smile; "chiefly, indeed, for your own sake; though it would be a miserable beginning to my different future, if I thought I were to be in any way the cause of alienation between you and your uncle. I could wish him never to know that you had an ungentle thought towards him — never to know" —

"Of course, I don't want him to know that I have been here on a fool's errand this morning," said Kenneth bitterly, "at all events, till I choose to tell him myself."

"There is no necessity to tell him. I wish you could look upon it all as a dream. You cannot think how unreal it all seems to me, that — that you should think you loved me!"

"It is a dream that will haunt me through life, whatever you may think of it," replied he, quickly and passionately; "but God knows what may happen. You are not his wife yet, and perhaps you never may be. Don't you think I had better begin behaving as usual by going down to see if the boat is ready? I will wait for you there."

He spoke the last sentence with a wild sort of joyless laugh. In truth, Kenneth was not even now perfectly recovered from the previous night's drunkenness; and the very first thing he did when the carriage had whirled him back to the Chiaja, was to increase still further the state of mingled depression and excitement in which he found himself, by noising out and tossing off a full glass of Florentine "Chartreuse." His thoughts wandered from Gertrude; wandered to Lorimer Boyd; to an observation of his as to the ludicrous contrast between the supposed retirement for the service of

God and devotion to thoughts of Heaven, involved in the profession of monachism and the establishment of a manufactory for the sale of spirituous liquors, perfumes, rouge, soaps, and delicate unguents, for the support of the monastery and its inmates: "selling the devil's wares to build churches with." Then, with a rush, came back all the pain and mortification of the last hours. Very reckless, very comfortless, Kenneth felt, and very lonely, alone with the monk's green bottle. Some young Italian friends came in, and rallied him on his dejected looks; told him he was no Englishman if he could not stand a merry night without being ill the next morning. Kenneth did not stand rallying well, though he was fond of practising it towards others. His friends thought him ill-tempered, and left him to lounge away an hour somewhere else. Kenneth took a cigar; smoked, considered, and drank again. Then, with an impatient sigh, he once more took his hat, and with a sort of dreamy plan yet to supplant his uncle Douglas, and overcome the difficulties in his way, and, with an increasing conviction that Gertrude, "in reality," had cared, and did care for him, and that somehow he was being made the victim of a plot for his reformation, he sauntered to the shore; hailing the lazy boat, with its lazy occupants, on a lazy sea, whose wavelets beat like a slackened pulse to and fro in the sunshine on the smooth sands, — and feeling all the while as if he were walking in a dream. The scent of mignonette and violets was in the air, and more than once a flower-girl crossed his path, and smilingly tossed him a bunch of pale Neapolitan violets, — sure to be paid on some careless morrow, with ten times the value of her flowers, — and looking after the handsome young Englishman with something like a puzzled anxiety, on account of the unusual look of abstraction and anxiety visible in his countenance.

The tranquil do-nothing-ness of the people smote him as he passed. Life, and life's cares, what were they in Naples? Why should any one sigh, or dream, or be anxious in such a climate and among such a population? Why should he be less careless than the dark-bearded, dark-browed, shallow men lounging outside the caffès? Why not enjoy life as the laughing loud-talking crowded groups in the overloaded *calessos* did, as they rattled along? What folly to pin a man's hopes on *one* hope, and deem all life to come darkened, because one capricious girl repulsed his love for the singular, the ludicrous, caprice of preferring

his elderly uncle! A little whimsical twinge of vanity wound up all, such as rounds those quaint, old-fashioned verses on baffled love:—

"Will, when looking well can't win her,
Looking ill, prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?"

He looked across the blue sea streaked with rippling gold, and at the sails that here and there flitted over its surface like white butterflies, and felt his great irritation die away for the hour, in a mixture of stupefaction and languor. His uncle stood by his side, and had placed one hand on his shoulder with caressing cordiality, before he was even aware of his presence. He started, and looked up into the frank soldier-like countenance with some attempt at an answering smile.

"I have been to the Palazzo," said Sir Douglas, cheerily, "but, like the old woman in the nursery ballad, when I looked after my sick puppy, he was out, and quite recovered. No, not quite recovered," added he with sudden gravity—"how ill you look! Oh! Kenneth my dear boy, if you could but mend your ways! if I could but see you what I dreamed you would be!"

"For God's sake let us have none of that now," muttered the young man as he turned away towards the boat.

"No, no, you are right: not now, not now: I had something, however, something quite different to say to you, Kenneth, but it will keep till to-morrow: there is no time for anything; here come our ladies, and Lorimer."

Our ladies! yes; for that day of careless companionship; and then—what then? Was Kenneth indeed to be distanced and put aside in his wooing by the man whom, if he had guessed the world through, he never would have hit upon, as his rival? It seemed scarcely credible. He would try yet. He would throw for that stake again. He could not get rid of the notion, based on his excessive vanity, that there was some agreement to test and try him; to pass him through a sort of ordeal of hot ploughshares, and then all was to end in an agreeable little comedy; his uncle smilingly joining the hands of the young couple, and giving them his paternal blessing. The idea strengthened as Gertrude and her mother advanced; the latter giving a little glad wave of her fringed parasol at Sir Douglas and calling out something about "military punctuality on the field of battle;" the former, with all the serenity of her soft eyes gone,

anxiously looking, not at Sir Douglas, but to Kenneth, and taking his hand with a sigh of relief, while the flush deepened in her cheek as he had seen it deepen in the morning, when he first entered the Villa Mandorlo to declare his love.

It was Kenneth too, who handed her into the boat, and seated himself by her side; his uncle and Lady Charlotte being opposite, and Lorimer Boyd unslinging his sketching portfolio and putting it down with Gertrude's guitar case at their feet. For the moment, Kenneth's spirits rose.

No one could tell, not even Kenneth himself—for these things depend as entirely, as the warning sense of danger in animals, on quick instinct rather than reason or calculation—why the conviction of his hope being founded on folly and on expectations that never would be realised, fell suddenly with a cold chill on his heart.

Something in Gertrude's manner to Sir Douglas, something in Sir Douglas's manner to her; in the intense quiet gloom of Lorimer Boyd; in the fidgety and increased attention of Lady Charlotte to his uncle;—struck his excited mind as proof positive that the little comedy he had conceived might be enacted for his benefit, was *not* being played: that was all real bitter earnest: that he had vowed in vain to quit his foolish course of life and "better his condition" in more ways than one, by uniting his destiny with Gertrude Skifton's; that he had planned in vain scenes of lover-like anger, and lover-like forgiveness, when she should at length admit that she had merely joined his guardian friend in schemes of reformation; that she had no such scheme, and no *arrière pensée*, but in all singleness and truth of heart loved Sir Douglas, and was beloved by him.

Those who have been jealous,—who have known what it is to receive that

"Confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ"—

which is brought to the inner soul by looks, words, or circumstances which to uninterested spectators seem trivial, or utterly indifferent, may comprehend the revelation. It was not brought by any increased *empressement* or happy security in Sir Douglas's manner; he had always been dignified, even from boyhood, when his inimical step-mother had sneered at him as "that very gentleman-like young gentleman, Mr. Douglas Ross;" he was the last man in the world to make a public wooing of the object of his choice. Nor was Gertrude likely to in-

dulge in that peculiar manner sometimes not very gracefully adopted by "engaged" young ladies. To a stranger and ordinary acquaintance, the very curves and indentations of the Bay of Naples could not seem more unchanged since the previous day, than the conduct of all parties concerned. But to Kenneth, enamoured as far as his nature was capable of diverging from self, stung and shaken in the very midst of an utter security of success — and involuntarily watchful of the least sign that should confirm or alter his wavering conjectures, the meaning of all he saw was written in fire on his brain: the "Mene mene, tekél, upharsin," that prophesied the loss of his heart's kingdom, came between him and the shining white sail of the lightly wafted boat, — even as it stole over the marble walls of the feasting monarch in Scripture. His head, aching and dizzy from the renewed excess of stimulant taken on his return from the Villa Mandorlo, became confused alike from the crowding of comfortless thoughts and the movement of the bark over the waters. He passed his hand across his brow several times as if in pain, and began talking wildly, cynically, and in a strain anything but moral, of love and lovers. The attempt to answer, or to repress his talk, only excited him the more. He was conscious, but rather as if dreaming than waking, of the expression of shame, sorrow, and anxiety which clouded his uncle's face; of the intense and deadly fear in that of Gertrude; of the utter scorn in Lorimer Boyd's; while Lady Charlotte, really angry at the things said before her daughter, but not knowing exactly how to notice them, kept biting the end of her parasol and repeating with a foolish smile, "You naughty boy, aren't you ashamed to say such wickedness before your uncle?"

Kenneth noticed her addressing him, with a hoarse laugh. "Oh, my uncle is younger than I am," he said; "we are to be boon-companions soon. I believe he is in love. Mr. Lorimer Boyd, grave Mr. Lorimer Boyd, were you ever in love? were you a faithful shepherd, or do you hold, as I do, with Alfred de Musset —

Aimer est le grand point, — qu'importe la maîtresse?

Qu'importe le flacon pourvu qu'on ait l'ivresse?

S'il est vrai que Schiller n'ait aimé qu'Amélie, Goethe que Marguerite, et Rousseau que Julie, Que la terre . . .

what comes next? by Jove I can't recollect

in the least what comes next. Do you recollect, uncle? you're a French scholar."

Sir Douglas was looking back towards Naples. "I think we will return," said he, sadly and sternly. "Kenneth, you are quite well enough to understand me when I say that your conduct here, where those present have no option but to listen to you, is an outrage on all good taste and good feeling."

Kenneth looked towards him with fierce moodiness, apparently irresolute what reply to make. Then, his eye falling on the guitar-case, he sullenly touched it with his foot. "Perhaps you think there should be no conversation at all. Singing would be better: love-songs: chansons d'adieu: 'Partant pour la Syrie.' — which, being a soldier's love-song, the French take, very properly, for their notion of a national hymn. Shall you sing again this evening, Miss Gertrude Skifton? Shall you sing us a chanson d'adieu?"

The lovely eyes were lifted to his in mute deprecation and appeal, but in vain.

"Do sing! sing us the song of last night: Adieu for evermore!"

"Kenneth, I implore — I *command* you — to be silent!" said Sir Douglas, in a voice trembling with suppressed passion.

"Silent? quite silent? very well — yes. I am *de trop* here. I'll sing an adieu myself. I'll give you an adieu in plain prose. Don't trouble yourselves to put back to Naples by way of getting rid of me; I'll give you 'adieu for evermore' without that; for I'll bear this d—d life no longer."

With the last sentence Kenneth stood up; rocking the boat, and causing Lady Charlotte to utter a series of little sharp short shrieks of terror. As he spoke the concluding words, he touched the mast lightly with his hand to steady his leap, sprang head foremost into the waves, and sank before their eyes!

Gertrude's shriek echoed her mother's. "This is my fault," she said wildly. "Save him! save him!"

Lorimer Boyd watched the water with a keen glance. "Can any of you swim?" he said to the boatmen, laying his hand heavily on Sir Douglas's arm, who had already thrown off his coat in preparation for rescue.

"Io, Signor!" answered one of the men.

It is a strange fact that in a seafaring population like that of Naples very few of the men are able to swim; and still fewer have either courage or presence of mind in emergencies like the one which had just occurred. Many of our English sailors cannot swim. Many gentlemen in various

professions, to whom that accomplishment would be not only useful, but perhaps absolutely necessary, are equally ignorant of it. When the St. Augustine college at Canterbury was established, it was resolved that even those who were preparing for holy orders should learn to swim; more than one of the pious and energetic followers of George Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, having lost their lives from incapacity in this respect.

One man and one only, on board the Neapolitan bark of pleasure which bore Kenneth and his companions, could swim. That one had been a coral-diver, and, in the exercise of his dangerous profession, many a bold and daring feat, many a narrow and hair-breadth escape, had been his.

"Io, Signore!"

And, while he spoke, he stood half-naked, watching, as Lorimer Boyd watched, across the waters near at hand, — for the wretched, beautiful, drunken youth who ought to rise there, or somewhere thereabouts. A dreadful watch.

But Kenneth was cumbered, not only with the will to perish, — the will of a drunken languid man, — but the clothing he had almost mechanically adopted in preparation for a moonlight return to Naples, over the chilly waters of the sun-forsaken sea.

A heavy fur pelisse, strapped and fastened at the throat, in addition to the usual over-coat, made Kenneth's habiliments a dreadful chance against his safety from that self-sought grave. The merciful chance was in his favour, that the coral-diver, Giuseppe, was one of the crew that day.

While others of the crew were exclaiming and praying to saints and Madonnas, this man stripped to the last and lightest of garments, and watched and waited; and, when the involuntary rising of the drunken suicide took place, he was there to rescue him.

There was no struggle. Kenneth was utterly insensible when Giuseppe swam towards the bark, which neared him as far as was practicable. The difficulty was to get both on board. That also was accomplished at last, and the bark was steered towards the haven it had so lately left.

CHAPTER XII.

BITTER PANGS.

SNATCHED from death, — but pale, insensible, and apparently dying in spite of

rescue, Kenneth Ross was borne on shore, and taken to the luxurious lodging in the Palazzo on the Chiaja, which he had so lately left in the pride and strength of youthful manhood. Sir Douglas accompanied him; loth to lose sight of him even for the purpose of escorting Gertrude to the Villa Mandorlo. Lorimer Boyd would see her and her mother home.

To Lorimer Boyd, her father's friend and her own, Gertrude Skifton resolved to confide the agitating events of the morning: to beseech his intervention with this hot-headed and reckless young man, and to endeavour in some way to arrange so as to spare Sir Douglas the pain of knowing what had occurred between him and Gertrude.

"I am sure," she said, "you will forgive me for appealing to you, Mr. Boyd. Your constant kindness to my father, — for many a weary day of suffering and illness, — and your tender compassion to myself and my poor mother, make me look to you almost as a second father, as a friend who will not forsake or think anything a trouble. Do not let Sir Douglas know what has passed. I owe to *you* all my first knowledge of him: of his goodness, his unselfishness, his courage, his loveable qualities. Of course, when I saw him — (and here poor Gertrude both smiled and blushed) seeing him rather surprised me. I had imagined a much older and sterner man. He is so gentle. . . He is so good. . . I cannot understand how Mr. Kenneth Ross could venture to vex and anger him. But I rely on you: on *you*, entirely, dear Mr. Boyd, to smooth away all difficulties, and prevent Mr. Kenneth Ross from being injured, and Sir Douglas from being vexed; and I am sure you will manage this — for my sake!"

What if Lorimer Boyd winced under this appeal, — this placing him in the rank of a "second father," while it placed Douglas Ross (his schoolfellow and contemporary) as a hero of romance and adored lover! No sigh escaped him; no shadow clouded his friendly smile; no extra pressure of the eager little white hand extended to him told of a more than common and relied-on interest in all that concerned Gertrude Skifton. He undertook to reason with Kenneth; to endeavour to persuade him to travel; to do his best to spare a single pang to Sir Douglas; already in possession of a prospective happiness which might well repay, in Lorimer's opinion, any amount of previous pain or sacrifice.

He left the Villa Mandorlo as the soft moonlight stole over its white walls and

green verandahs, with a heart at rest, as to his willingness to serve the gentle girl who bid him farewell in happy trust. And she sent her whispered blessing far through the moonlight across the blossoming almond trees; down to the rippling sea which laved the shore where that Palazzo on the Chiaja covered in the unquiet night, passed by Sir Douglas by the couch of his nephew.

In the strength of youth and a good constitution, strong in spite of excess and fatigue, Kenneth struggled with the shock of his late rash attempt at suicide.

More fondly watched he could not be than by his uncle. Unconscious of all that had passed between Kenneth and Gertrude, attributing his state of mind merely to the pernicious habits which had taken possession of him, his fondness more sensitively alive than ever, after the horrible danger which had been averted, Sir Douglas sate alternately watching and reading by the bedside of the reckless young man; giving remedies; speaking from time to time in a soothing tone of tenderness which seemed to lull the half-conscious mind; waiting for clearer thought, and more exact answers, as to the grief of heart which had impelled him to that folly and sin.

No clue, however remote, to the real cause had reached him. As he gazed from time to time at the pallid beautiful face, with the damp curls still clustering heavily round the brow, he pleased himself with a peaceful dream of the aid Gertrude might give hereafter to his efforts at reclaiming this prodigal; and imaged to himself the sweet irresistible voice pleading, even more successfully than he himself could plead, the cause of virtue and the value of tranquil rational days.

Towards day-dawn Kenneth became entirely himself—conscious, and miserable; conscious, and fiercely angry. To the gentle inquiries which hitherto had either received a confused response or none, he at length made fierce, sullen, but coherent replies.

"You think me drunk or wandering," he said; "you are mistaken. I have my senses as perfectly as you have yours. I know you. I know all your treachery and cruelty: all that you have plotted and contrived: all that your coming to Naples was intended to effect, and has effected. I know that, hearing of my love and Gertrude's beauty, you came here predetermined to outwit me: that Lorimer Boyd has assisted you in every step you took. That, while you affected to be endeavouring to reform me, you were undermining

the very roots by which I held to life: and, while you spoke to me of marriage and a steady peaceful future, you were mocking me with a parcel of meaningless words."

"Kenneth, Kenneth, my own poor lad, do try to be rational. I am here, beside you; longing to serve you; ready to make any sacrifice for you; loving you in spite of all error, with as deep a love as ever one man felt for another. Trust me, my boy; trust me! tell me your vexations: something more than common weighs upon you: if I can lift it away, do you think I will not do it? My dear lad, try me."

As he spoke he leaned eagerly, tenderly, over the pillow, looking into those dim wild eyes, as if to read the thoughts of the speaker.

Kenneth closed them with a groan. Then, lifting the hot weary lids, with a fierce glance at his uncle, he muttered, "You mock me even now. I tell you, you have yourself ruined my destiny. You spoke to me of marriage, of reforming my life, of purity, of peace. You, you have deprived me of all chance of them. Gertrude Skifton was my dream of peace and purity and marriage, and you have taken her from me. She loved me. I know she loved me—till you came to poison her mind against me,—you who swore to protect me."

"Kenneth," said Sir Douglas, in a solemn tone, "Do not mock the name of love with such blasphemy, for the sake of vexing me! Do you forget that this very morning, in this very apartment, I saw the companions of your dissipated hour, and witnessed a scene incompatible with any thought of a future of peace and purity, such as you speak of desiring to attain?"

"What of that?" passionately exclaimed his nephew. "Will you persuade me you yourself have lived the life of an anchorite, pitching your tent for ever among preachers and puritans? I tell you, whatever you witnessed this morning, that I loved Gertrude Skifton; ay, and Gertrude Skifton loved me—and, if she has accepted you, it is because that worldly idiot, her mother, has persuaded her to do so; persuaded her that it is better than marrying me,—a half-ruined man,—and nearly as good a thing as catching the Prince Colonna.

"Good God!" continued he wildly, raising himself on his elbow, and looking fiercely in his uncle's face—"do you forget that we were together every day for two months before you ever came amongst us? Do you suppose I believe that you came all the way to Naples for me, and not

for her? You lecture me; you preach to me; you tell me of my profligacy, my extravagance, and the Lord knows what besides. I choose for my wife a good pure girl, of good family, with a fortune of her own, with everything that may give me a chance of rescue, and you come and take her from me! I tell you I curse the day you ever meddled with my affairs and me. I tell you, if you marry this girl, you are marrying the woman I love, and who loves me; loves me, not you, whatever she or her mother may persuade you to the contrary. Ask all Naples whom she was supposed to favour before you came between us! Ask your own conscience whether you have not sought to divide us, knowing that fact. Ask her, whom I reproached this morning, and whom I curse in my heart at this moment for her wanton caprice; I curse you both. I hope the pain at my heart may pour poison into yours; I hope heaven will make a blight that shall fall on your marriage if ever it does take place, and turn all that seemed to promise happiness into gall, wormwood, and bitterness. I hope"——

"Oh God, Kenneth—cease!"

It was all Sir Douglas could say. He said it with ashy, trembling lips. His face was as pale as that of the half-drowned man who cursed him now from his pillow.

It was all false; cruelly false; that he had known of this love; that he had plotted against it, that he had "out-witted" his nephew. It was all false, he trusted (nay, knew), that Gertrude would accept him merely from ambition. Surely she might pretend to far, far greater rank and fortune than he could offer her! It was all false that he came to Naples knowing of this intimacy. Of this Lorimer Boyd had spoken never a word in his letter. But one thing remained true: and that one thing went near to break his heart. He was Kenneth's rival. Kenneth! his petted, idolized, spoilt boy, his more than child, on whom he had poured the double love bestowed on his dead brother and on himself. The scene rose up before him of that brother's death-bed. Of the bruised painful groaning death; of the wild fair woman; of the little curly-headed child sitting at the pillow, smiling in his face, thinking he was the doctor come to cure all that shattered frame and restore his father; of his brother's imploring prayer to protect little Kenneth and not to disown him!

And now, there he lay,—that curly-headed child,—a wayward angry man just escaped by God's mercy from the crime of

self-murder, and declaring his life blighted by the very man who had sworn to protect him.

Kenneth's rival!

Sir Douglas turned that bitter thought over and over in his mind; watching through the comfortless night,—long after opiates and exhaustion had quieted that bitter tongue, and given temporary peace to that perturbed heart.

Kenneth's rival!

How to escape from that one strange depressing thought! how to make all those reproaches seem vague and senseless, as the sound of the storm-wind sweeping over the surging sea!

In the morning he would see Gertrude; she would speak of this; they would consult together; something then might be contrived and executed to soothe and save Kenneth. Till he saw Gertrude, Sir Douglas would resolve on nothing.

But, when the morning came, and the bright early day permitted him, after the restless hours of that long, long night, to seek the home that sheltered her more peaceful slumbers—she told him nothing!

The serene loving eyes again lifted to his face seemed without a secret in their transparent depths; and yet, of all that stormy yesterday, that scene of reproach which Kenneth had vaguely alluded to, not a word, was breathed.

Sir Douglas would not ask her. His heart seemed to choke in his breast as often as he thought to frame the words that might solve his doubts. Was it all delirium? Was it possible Kenneth had so much "method in his madness" as to rave of scenes that never took place, and feelings that were imaginary?

Was it a dream? or had Sir Douglas indeed passed this wretched night, cursed by the being he had loved better than all else in the world till he met with Gertrude? If it was not a dream, what could he do? How extricate himself from that position of grief?

Almost, when Gertrude said tenderly, "You look so weary, I cannot bear to think of the night you must have gone through,"—almost the answer burst forth—"Yes, it has been a bitter night!—is it true? Oh! tell me if it is true? Am I poor Kenneth's rival?"

But the soft eyes, in their undisturbed love, dwelling quietly on him, on her mother, on all objects round her, seemed for ever to lull the wild question away.

He would stay with Gertrude till it was likely Kenneth would be awake and stir-

ring, after all the exhaustion and the long slumber that follows an opiate; and then he would have a quieter explanation with that young angry mind; and learn how much or how little was unremembered delirium, and how much was truth, in the ravings of the night before.

Gertrude walked with him through the long pergola, under the trailing vines, out to the very verge of the seaward terrace, from whence by a rocky path a short cut would lead him to the Chiaja.

He looked back after they had parted, and saw her still watching him; the tender smile still lingered on her lips; her

folded arms rested on the low marble wall which bounded the terrace. The morning light fell in all its freshness on her candid brow and wavy chestnut hair, and deepened into sunshine while he gazed.

It was an attitude of peace and tranquil love. He paused for a few seconds to contemplate her; returned her smile (somewhat sadly), and hastened onwards to greet Kenneth at his wakening—for it was now some hours since he had left him, and Sir Douglas felt restless till some more intelligible explanation should succeed the frenzy of the night before.

POETRY BY WEIGHT.

A Midwinter Night's Dream.

SIR, — Messrs. Moxon's 'Miniature Poets' are to be purchased at the following prices: Wordsworth, 5s.; Tennyson, 5s.; Browning, 5s.; and Tupper, 10s. 6d. The latter book is really an extraordinary bargain, and no doubt will reach its "tenth thousand" in an incredibly short space of time. Having this pretty volume in my hand yesterday evening, I happened to fall asleep, and forthwith dreamed a dream. I saw on one side a literary *Inferno*, where, among many other unfortunate spirits, was that of a proverbial philosopher, from whose vexed bowels streams of lava were roaring and rolling.* High on the other side was a happy abode, divided from the first by a deep gulf called Bathos, into which wretches attempting to gain the higher region continually fell, scrambling back in a woeful

* The book was open at the well-known lines, so much admired in America:

"From the vexed bowels of my soul,
Rivers of lava roar and roll," &c.

plight to their proper place. Prominently seated in the *Paradiso* I beheld the spirit of Mr. Browning resting his head on Father Chaucer's bosom. To him, soon after my arrival, the vexed philosopher cried aloud, begging that Mr. Browning might bring him one drop of Castalian dew to moisten his dry imagination. "No, my sonne," said Father Chaucer, "you in the other worlde solde your 100,000 copies, and my sonne Browning botte preciously fewe; and now you are in the dompes, and hee is gladde. It is trewe," added Chaucer, affectionately tweaking the great spirit's ear, "he squeakes and grontes nowe and agen, I wol nat lie: and namely, I canne nat understonde the halfe of thatte he hath writte: bott: natheless, he is my trewe sonne." The proverbial spirit then entreated that Mr. Browning might at least be given leave of absence to go and warn —, —, and —; but Father Chaucer replied that they had Shakespeare and the poets, and if not warned by them, would not stop writing even though one returned to Paternoster row. The lava roared and rolled again, and I awoke. I am, &c.,

Examiner.

QUEVEDO MENOR.

From The Economist, 10th March.

MARITIME CAPTURE.

THE debate on Friday last upon the propriety of endeavouring to alter the law and practice relating to the capture of private property at sea in time of war, was on the whole creditable to the good sense and moderation of the House. It both cleared and narrowed the question. Both sides appeared to understand the real bearings of it much more distinctly than on the last occasion on which it was discussed. Irrelevant matter was put aside, and untenable arguments were dropped. On the other hand, the proposal of Mr. Cobden that the right of blockade, as well as that of the capture of merchant ships, should be abolished, found no advocates; and on the other, the plea that England, as possessing the most powerful navy, was the chief gainer by the present practice of preying on the enemy's commerce — the plea on which Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell used mainly to rely — appeared to be tacitly surrendered. On both points, no doubt, the experience of the American war greatly influenced the controversialists. It showed what a powerful weapon in the hands of a wealthy and determined people, the blockade of an enemy's ports might become; how it might cripple their resources, increase their distress, and hamper their warlike action. Independent, however, of this experience, it was obvious that if the extreme views of Mr. Cobden and his followers were adopted, wars might become mere duels between the armies and navies — in the case of insular or distant nations between the navies only — of the two belligerents; that they would often be little felt by the people of the respective countries, except by the augmentation of their taxes; that under such circumstances, as soldiers and sailors would enjoy them and the mass of the community would not materially suffer from them, they might be indefinitely prolonged; and that hostilities would gain in duration whatever they lost in severity. Blockade, no doubt, cannot do everything: in some instances, it may be to a great extent evaded; still it is often a most efficient way of inflicting damage on the foe; and in any case, it stands upon a wholly different footing from the right of capturing private property at sea, and ought not to be mixed up with it. You may blockade the enemy's ports with the utmost strictness; you may seize ruthlessly every vessel attempting to enter them; while at the same time you leave the com-

merce of the enemy in distant seas and with neutral countries wholly unmolested. Some *modification* of the existing law may be necessary, but none that would at all impair the real efficiency of the right.

The only points in the Attorney-General's answer to Mr. Gregory which deserved notice and reply were two. *First*, he argued that unless you so *thoroughly* abandoned all right of interfering with the enemy's commerce, and of that of neutrals with him, as to surrender the right of search, your object would not be gained; vessels would still have to be stopped and examined on the high seas; irritating questions would constantly arise, and interruptions to trade be nearly as frequent as at present; and Prize Courts would still be necessary. Granted: — but whatever we did we would do *thoroughly*; we would cease to make a distinction between "contraband of war" and ordinary merchandise — just as we have already abolished (by the Convention of Paris) the distinction between enemy's goods and neutral goods in neutral bottoms; we would so far modify the laws of blockade as to abolish the right of stopping vessels on the high seas on the pretext of ascertaining whether they were *designed and bound* for blockaded ports. This being done, the right of search would have no plea or meaning, and might be at once and totally surrendered; and with it all the costly and vexatious paraphernalia of Prize Courts. There is really no valid argument for retaining the exceptional prohibition of articles contraband of war; — for, in the first place, such articles are every year extending and growing more complex and more disputable — (the list being now held by many to include not only arms and ammunition, but coals, iron, lead, paint, blankets, shoes, and cloth suitable for uniforms, as such may be intended for soldiers' use); — and, in the second place, if the blockade be effectual, it can keep out warlike stores just as easily as ordinary merchandise; and if it be not effectual, the prohibition against any articles is useless. The *second* argument of the Attorney-General was, that it would be nearly impossible to distinguish between *bonâ fide* merchant ships and actual or possible fighting ships in the disguise of merchant ships. It may be difficult *now*; it would not be difficult *then*. As the law now stands, it may be the interest of merchant ships to build and arm themselves so that they can, on occasion, defend themselves against capture. Were the law altered, it would be so unquestionably their interest to be as pacific and unarmed as

possible, that all possibility of controversy on the matter would cease. The utter and obvious defencelessness of trading vessels would be their best and completest defence. The *ambiguous-looking* craft to which Sir Roundell Palmer referred were all either blockade runners or Alabamas. Under the proposed modification of the laws of war, the vocation of the latter would be at an end, and the former are built, not for fighting but for flight, and would be as seizable as ever near the forbidden port, but not elsewhere.

The only remaining arguments in favour of retaining the right of preying upon the enemy's commerce which need notice may be easily disposed of. The first is, that it facilitates the manning of your navy on the outbreak of a war. It does this by two operations. It attracts sailors by the prospect of prize-money, and induces them to serve you for less pay; — and, by interrupting and curtailing the regular trade, it sets free a number of seamen who can be at once transferred from the mercantile to the Royal Marine. Very true; *but it does these things for both belligerents alike*, — so we may put the consideration altogether aside. The second plea is a far weightier one. The existing practice makes war more painful and more onerous to the belligerent nation, and therefore less likely to be lightly entered upon or needlessly prolonged; it makes all classes sufferers, and all therefore interested in the preservation and the return of peace. At first the loss and inconvenience fall upon the shipowners and merchants, who are always an influential body, but in a while the evil comes home to the entire community by the practice of insurance and the gradual advance of price. The system of maritime capture, too, indisputably maims the resources and impairs the wealth of the belligerent, and money is becoming daily more and more truly "the sinews of war." The argument is sound; its cogency cannot be gainsaid; — *pro tanto* we admit it without controversy. How far it ought to weigh in opposition to counter-vailing considerations is a separate question.

But now we come to what for us is particularly the most important part of the discussion. Hitherto we have been looking at the matter generally, and with reference to the world at large. Now, we have to look at the especial interests of England. How would the proposed immunity from capture of private property afloat affect Great Britain in comparison with other countries? And here there is not the

slightest doubt, nor room for any difference of opinion. Contrary to the ideas of former days, and the experience of former wars, that nation is now the best off in time of war (under the existing international usage) which has the smallest trade, not that which has the largest navy. Steam has changed everything: — commerce is now too impatient to wait for "convoy;" — it is too vast to be within reach of convoy or protection from the most numerous and mighty navy in creation. A nation now, in reference to this question, has to consider not its *power* but its *vulnerability*. It will suffer in proportion to the extent of its commerce, instead of, as yore, being safe in proportion to its naval strength. And, of course, Great Britain having far the largest trade in the world, will be far the greatest sufferer. This arises from two causes — one our own doing, one due to circumstances over which we have no control. It may be made clear in a few words: — the exploits of the Alabama and the Florida have shown what the scantiest navy can do against the mightiest power. Half a dozen swift steamers sufficed not only to destroy a vast amount of American property, but nearly to drive the American flag from the ocean, to paralyze and ruin their ship-owners, and terribly interrupt their trade. The explanation is obvious: — Birds of prey can be all but ubiquitous — as ubiquitous as the beasts of burden they pursue. Highwaymen may be everywhere; — policemen cannot be everywhere, and are usually nowhere. The facility of attack is out of all proportion to the means of defence. The wealthier a nation is the more easily and deeply can it be wounded, and that it is powerful in proportion is a consideration utterly irrelevant to the question. But in addition to this, the modifications introduced into the international laws of war by the Convention of Paris — in virtue of which enemy's property in neutral bottoms enjoys immunity from capture — have materially altered the relative position of Great Britain in this matter. French commerce may now in time of war obtain *complete* immunity under a neutral flag: English commerce could only obtain very *partial* immunity; because a small trade can thus be transferred, whereas a large trade cannot. The registered merchant tonnage of Great Britain is seven millions; that of France is under one million. The total tonnage inwards and outwards annually is in our case 27,000,000 — in that of our neighbour not quite 8,000,000. No nation has so great an interest in pro-

curing the proposed alteration of the law as England; America comes next; France and Holland at a long distance after. Till private property at sea is exempted from capture, this country will stand at a terrible disadvantage in case of war. Yet Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell could not see this; and in 1856 they refused, and induced France to refuse, the proposal of the United States to introduce this exemption into the recognised law of nations. The history of statesmanship scarcely affords an instance of such incredible and such fatal blindness. That piece of folly sooner or later will cost England some hundreds of millions.

From the London Review, March 10th.

ALTHOUGH we are inclined to doubt whether this is a favourable opportunity for discussing the question of exempting private property from maritime capture during war, it is impossible to deny that the subject is one of vital interest to a country which possesses the most powerful naval force and the largest commercial marine afloat. If we could induce other nations to accept the proposition of Mr. Gregory without insisting upon any additions to it; and if we could secure the faithful observance of a convention regulating during time of war the proceedings of belligerents, it seems to us quite clear that England would gain by abandoning the right to capture merchant vessels on the high seas. We should thus secure our commerce from obstruction and prevent its being diverted into foreign vessels, while retaining our power of blockading the enemy's ports. We should lose little by giving up the right to seize his ships, while we should obtain a great advantage in securing the safety of our more numerous commercial fleet. But then we doubt whether other countries are not quite as well aware of this as ourselves. It is true that the Government of the United States did once, in a moment of imprudence, offer to make such an arrangement as we have described; but they soon repented of so one-sided a bargain, and insisted upon a mutual surrender not only of the right to capture private property at sea, but of the right to block-

ade commercial ports. We fear that both the United States and other Powers would prove equally exacting if we were now to enter upon negotiations; and it is clear enough that the abandonment of the power of blockade would deprive us of any available means of using our naval supremacy. We might, it is true, destroy the fortified ports of our antagonist, but he would care little for that so long as the commerce which they were intended to protect is secure from our ravages. We might destroy his fleets if they came out to fight us, but there is no reason why they should do so when it did not in the least matter who "ruled the waves." It is therefore very unlikely that the proposition simply to abandon the right of capturing private property at sea would find much favour with the inferior naval Powers, when the exploits of the *Alabama* and her other consorts have shown how much may be effected against an antagonist of greatly superior power by a few fast and skilfully commanded cruisers. Moreover, we confess that we see the greatest possible difficulty in carrying out such a convention if it were in existence. Without saying that belligerents would refuse to be bound by it on the first breaking out of hostilities, we have no faith in their adhering to it under the pressure and the excitement of war. It would be evaded by one side or the other, or what comes to the same thing, it would be thought to be evaded. Vessels would be captured on the ground that they were going to a blockaded port, or that they were carrying contraband of war. Their liability to seizure for these reasons would infallibly be denied. The retaliation would follow; the convention would be broken on both sides; and we should probably find our commercial marine exposed to danger at the very moment when we were least prepared to defend it. Upon the whole, therefore, it seems to us that it is our most prudent course to accept the risks with the advantages of the present system. At any rate, we now know what we have to expect upon the breaking out of a naval war; but if we were to try the experiment of carrying on hostilities under stipulations, we should be obliged to rely on the doubtful faith of the other belligerent, and we should be constantly exposed to the risks which beset those who repose on a false and delusive sense of security.

From The London Review.

A ROYAL SKELETON.

THERE is a skeleton in every house, and royal houses are but seldom an exception to the rule. Some Perkin Warbeck refuses to be silent on his claims, real or imaginary; some Man in the Iron Mask keeps the throned monarch in an agony of fear lest a whispered word, a momentary revealing of features, a few lines scratched upon a plate, should disclose the secret that has been long and painfully kept down. In barbaric Russia, in times still within the memory of man, the murdered Banquo might have taken his seat at Macbeth's table, and pointed to his throat. In France, disturbing hints that Louis XVII., did *not* die in the Temple, but was still living, have every now and then crept about, and set people speculating. In Spain there is always either a Pretender or an usurper. The legitimacy of a good many illustrious persons is at least questionable, and, if we could inquire closely into such matters, we should probably find that the occupants of several thrones have neither the divine right nor the legal to sit there, and that the possessors of many titles are unconsciously parading what is not their own. In England, one looks for fewer romances of this kind than in most other countries, because, for a long time past, there has generally been, among the highest in the land, a more decorous observance of the law than has been found in less constitutional States. Yet the day has been when this was not so, and the story of Mrs. Ryves raises a question whether there is not a skeleton lurking obscurely in some of the dark old cupboards at Windsor Castle—a skeleton of which the present members of the Royal family may be perfectly ignorant, except through the public proceedings which have from time to time been taken in the matter, but which may, nevertheless, have been stowed away there in a past generation for the annoyance and perplexity of the present.

The case of the lady who assumes to be the grand-daughter of the fourth brother of George III.—Prince Henry Frederick—is not new to the public, though it was again brought forward in the Court of Divorce on Tuesday, the 27th ult. The story is that Prince Frederick, as he was commonly called, fell in love with a Miss Olive Wilmot, the daughter of Dr. James Wilmot, rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire, and a Polish princess, to whom he had been married.

Here is a snatch of romance to begin with, for country clergymen are not commonly married to princesses, whether Polish or otherwise; but this is only the commencement of the strange story, and in the after part we find, not love and happiness, but love and desertion, bad faith and misery. In what precise way the intimacy between Prince Frederick and Miss Wilmot was carried on, and how far it had gone previously to the alleged marriage, does not appear; but it is asserted that a marriage did take place, and that it was publicly recognized and generally acknowledged. In time, however, the Prince, whose affections would seem to have been fickle, as the affections of Princes not unfrequently are, became enamoured of a Mrs. Horton, sister to the well-known Colonel Luttrell, who was returned to Parliament by Court influence in place of Wilkes, and who makes a great figure in the memoirs and letters of that time. After a while, the Prince married this lady also, and, assuming the truth and validity of the alleged marriage with Miss Wilmot, the second union was of course an act of bigamy. The King, it is said, refused, about this period, to receive his brother at Court. Prince Frederick, however, was not induced by this reproof to return to his first wife; on the contrary, he persistently neglected her, and devoted himself entirely to Mrs. Horton. Olive Wilmot—to call her by her maiden name—retired to France, and there died, leaving a daughter, also christened Olive, who married an artist named Serres. Mrs. Ryves is the daughter of this Serres, and of his wife, the daughter (as it is contended) of Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. The Prince, according to the allegations of Mrs. Ryves, consented, after the death of his first wife, to a proposal that his daughter by that lady should be brought up in ignorance of her parentage until the scandal should die out, and certain distinguished persons should have quitted this life. The arrangement was come to between the King and his brother; and it is affirmed that documents are in existence proving that such a compact was really entered into. The papers were witnessed by more than one Minister of State, and preserved, at the King's request, by certain eminent persons who were bound by a solemn obligation of secrecy; and this discreditable settlement having been made, the illegal marriage of the Prince with Mrs. Horton was acknowledged, and has been regarded as valid ever since. The union with the last named lady was not followed

by any children, which, under the circumstances, was a fortunate thing.

It is now forty-seven years ago since the claims of this family were first brought before the attention of the public. A petition was presented to the Crown in 1819, and about the same time Sir Gerard Noel introduced the subject to the notice of Parliament, and moved for a select committee to inquire into the truth of the statements that had been made. He himself was a firm believer in those statements, and even called the petitioner "this Royal personage," describing her as a member of the Royal family who was not upon the Civil List, but was, on the contrary, quite unprovided for. A petition to the Crown was again presented in 1858, and in 1861 Mrs. Ryves (who is now sixty-nine years old) obtained a decree against the Attorney-General, establishing the marriage of her father to the daughter of Prince Frederick and Miss Olive Wilmot. In August, 1865, a petition was filed in the Court of Divorce, under the Legitimacy Declaration Act, with a view to establishing Mrs. Ryves's descent from the brother of George III., and ultimately to proving the title of her son to the dignity of the Dukedom of Cumberland, and her own right to the title of Princess of Cumberland. A correspondent of the *Times*, however, remarks that, "whatever Mrs. Ryves's hopes may be, the object here stated could not be attained. The lady claiming to have married the Duke of Cumberland was Olive Wilmot, a clergyman's daughter. The issue of that marriage or connection was a daughter, Olive, who married an artist of the name of Serres, and Mrs. Ryves is, I presume, the daughter of Olive Serres. Supposing, then, that the marriage of the Duke was proved, and the legitimacy of Olive Wilmot's daughter thus established, the son of Mrs. Ryves would be no nearer becoming Duke of Cumberland."

The case is, at any rate, a very pretty one for the lawyers, and, when it comes on again (it having been adjourned when brought forward on the 27th ult.), we may expect to hear some strange revelations of the Court life of last century. In the meanwhile, we are, of course, in no position to form any definite judgment on a claim startling in itself, and, as yet, unsupported by conclusive testimony. Still, it may be true; and, if so, what a strange skeleton in a cupboard will have been let out after a confinement of the best part of a century, and after several preliminary raps against the panels!

From The London Review.

GUSHING.

A GOOD many of our actions may be described by metaphors taken from the habits of water. We—that is to say, some of us—boil and foam with passion, sometimes because our cash has "run out," and then "the tide" of success turns, and there is an "influx" of fresh means. Oarsmen will often tell us how they are obliged to "spirt," and how under that pressure they are "pumped;" and Solomon, who must have seen a good deal of it in his large establishment, reminds us, with a fearfully graphic image, that a contentious wife is a continual dropping! We fear he must have found his ivory palace worse than the dropping-well at Knaresborough; but it was his own choice.

Then there is another word which must of necessity belong to the same class of metaphor, and that is the adjective which stands at the head of this paper—Gushing. It is undoubtedly a word of moral significance in the present day; indeed it is very unlikely that we shall ever have to use it in any other sense, unless we fall in love and are driven to ease our woe in the gentle sonnet.

Under those circumstances, "gushing" may revert once more to its primary meaning, and will indeed be an invaluable rhyme to our "crushing" grief. In our lucid intervals we shall still use it of persons, and not of things. Now, is it used in a laudatory sense or the reverse? Rather the reverse, for it always implies a certain amount of weakness, and sometimes of qualities even less amiable. Perhaps the weakness is something of a disease; if so, unlike gout, it is more common with the fairer sex, but perhaps we shall see before we have done, that the lords of the creation are by no means so exempt from it, as they are wont to believe. But of course the ordinary combination of ideas is a "gushing young thing," the young thing being represented by a lady who should be the sunny side of twenty-two. If she is pretty and sprightly, this little infirmity may have for a while a sort of fascination, but when it becomes chronic it is simply a nuisance. These words sound so cynical and so sternly celibate that we may keep up the character, and try and describe the symptoms, as if discussing a real case of disease. What shall we call it? Hypertrophy of the sentiments? or, a waste of moral tissue? Such a parody of medical jargon would not really be so very far from the truth. For our friends are "gushing" when, by a sort

of reckless extravagance, they pour forth without reserve and upon inadequate occasions the most intense feelings and the most exaggerated language. And this is very often the case with "young things." Five minutes is sufficient to cement and to register an eternal friendship with the "sweetest girl" whose acquaintance has just been made; another five minutes will give ample time for the foundation and declaration of a war à l'outrance with some "most detestable creature," who has just given cause of offence. The eternal friendship is instantly followed by the most unbounded issue of confidences; and, after the declaration of war, the offender appears as a blot upon creation, without a redeeming trait or the possibility of so much as a good motive. Also a remarkable symptom is the contrast between the smallness of the occasion and the depth of feeling it stirs up. Thus it is that the most ricketty babies are often noisily pronounced to be beautiful darlings and precious pets, and thus it is that the "Guard's Waltz" is heavenly, and lemon-ice divine. And just in the same way as a whole household of measles is worse than an isolated case, so is it an aggravated nuisance to find oneself in the midst of a gushing family. They are for ever hanging in festoons about each other's necks; they kiss one another in season and out of season, they direct public attention to one another's exquisite beauty, and perform extravagant acts of homage to the family talent. Female members of such families should cautiously be avoided as ball-room partners, for it is depressing to be called off rudely from a partner's tenderest duties by the abrupt appeal, "Oh, Mr. Robinson, did you ever see anything so sweet as my sister Amy with the white camellia in her lovely hair? Don't you admire her immensely?" Unless the wary Robinson can say impressively that he does not feel sure that Amy is the one particular sister whom he conceives to be the model of girlish beauty, there is no further hope for him; he will be dragged from one dismal act of worship to another.

Most people, even those who are careless about what they say, are supposed to be shy of committing themselves on paper. Not so the gushing correspondent. Put a pen in her hand and she will outdo herself. Partly by an accumulation of dashes underlining every third word, and partly by a copious use of the fondest terms, she will contrive to gush like any artesian well. For instance, she will not say, "I want to hear something about you," but, "I am dying for news of

your own sweet self;" and where ordinary mortals would say, "I hope to hear from you soon," she writes, "I shall count the days till I see your dear handwriting once more." This would be very nice between Angelina and Edwin, but these gushing sentiments are addressed exclusively to young lady friends, and by no means necessarily imply a long or a close acquaintance.

The real error of the gushing system is in truth an error in economy; it is living very extravagantly upon one's capital, and the result in the end must be poverty. The case is clear. If I throw away all my strong cards at the beginning of the game, I may make three or four tricks, but before long I shall expose the nakedness of the hand. If I bring forward all my reserves into the field at once; if I put out my best paces in the first half of the course; if I fire the whole of my volley at once upon an advancing foe, there is not much doubt what will be the ultimate result of my wastefulness. I shall be weighed in the balance and found wanting. So it is with all that is gushing. There is no reserve fund to fall back upon. When the lemon-ice has been pronounced divine, what epithet remains for a sunset, or a sonata of Beethoven? A tasteful sunset with mauve clouds, or a genteel sonata, will be the result, if all the legitimate adjectives are used up for little things. Again, if Angelina heaps such passion upon Matilda, what will she have left for Edwin, when she is affianced to him, except "dear sir?" And if she emphasizes nine-tenths of her words by underlining them, what is she to do when she really wants to give a particular emphasis? Perhaps her acquaintance with Edwin will do her good, and he may very likely object to underlining when she writes to him.

If a good radical cure for this infirmity be really wanted, there can hardly be a better one than to contemplate the same practice assumed and studied by a young lady of that age and of that way of thinking which retains the use of mint sauce long after the days of lambood. A middle-aged girl who shakes her ringlets and calls herself a giddy thing, and is oh! so in love with that dear Tennyson, is a very humiliating spectacle indeed; but if this warning is insufficient to sober some gushing young things, let them turn back to their "Dombey and Son," and look at the dismal pictures of Mrs. Skewton—a gushing old lady—and read her outpourings, which are, as she herself would confess, "all soul." That picture ought to act like the celebrated penance of sitting with a skull upon your knee to re-

mind you, cheerfully, what you will come to. But we must be just to both sexes. The gushing man is by no means an extinct species. He is not unknown in the pulpit or on the platform, and his raptures are meat and drink to some portion of his hearers—or rather, they are meat and drink to himself, for it is difficult to conceive that any one could commit himself to such a system unless he found that it paid. And because this is an artificial form and very likely is really despised by the very man who practises it, it need not be more closely examined.

But in spite of all artificial forms there is the genuine gusher still among men. One knows the type. He rushes up in the street, and, although we saw him only yesterday, yet he shakes our hand as if he had just come back after a perilous voyage from New Zealand. Breathlessly he tells us everything about himself; and the smallest detail is invested with the very highest importance. He slaps his friends on the back, causing the most exquisite pain; he pokes them in their ribs, redoubling their anguish; he laughs irrepressibly at the faintest joke that arises, and, in short, a little of him goes a very long way. And he labours under a still further disadvantage. If for an hour he is quiet or silent he is immediately thought to be out of temper, or at any rate to have something the matter with him—so that the mere physical exhaustion which must sometimes attend upon gushing, will most likely be interpreted as a fit of the sulks. Compare with this unkindly estimate by which he is tried the blessings which hover round the reserved and self-contained man. His wishes are tacitly consulted for fear he should make himself disagreeable, which he can do very satisfactorily in his quiet way. And supposing on any occasion that he thaws for a while and behaves like an ordinary mortal, there is quite a buzz of excitement about, and one whispers to another the joyful news, "How wonderfully agreeable Diogenes was to-night; I saw him talking to Jones for nearly half an hour." Think of the honour which this unworthy member of society receives in contrast to the contemptuous treatment to which the gushing man is condemned, however good and virtuous he may be. And if there is any truth in the pictures which have been drawn, they ought to convey most broadly that celebrated "Advice to those about to be gushing"—don't.

From The Spectator.

TURNER'S RICHMONDSHIRE IN PHOTOGRAPHS.*

THIS is an admirably executed reproduction by photography, from the best original proof prints, of the engravings of one of Turner's most beautiful series, the twenty pictures of Richmondshire, engraved for Whittaker's history of that lovely little bit of Yorkshire, between 1819 and 1823. The Misses Bertolacci have done their work with great skill, and these photographic copies seem to us to have all the charm of original engravings.

The first of the series, the engraving of Richmond itself, is almost equal in beauty to the engraving of one of Turner's finest pictures, "Heidelberg Castle," to which in character and treatment it bears no slight resemblance. There is no bridge, indeed, over the river, and no rainbow arch in the sky, and less altogether of the romantic and imaginative character which so well suits the grand historic traditions of the Heidelberg ruin. But there is an unseen summer-evening sun catching the crest of the hill on which Richmond stands, so that its church and castle towers, and even the houses themselves, are steeped in a white light that seems to rob them of half their solidity, while the trees and sloping banks of the Swale are all in shadow, and the whitish stream itself, reflecting the light sky above it, glasses the deeply shadowed bank in a pale soft mirror. In the distance is a landscape flooded with soft evening light, and in the foreground a little girl, kneeling beside her little terrier, touching her dog with one hand and plucking flowers with the other, on the edge of the high bank above the stream. In the half-distance, at a bend in the Swale, is the weir, white against the shadowed banks, and on the opposite bank of the river winds away a tiny footpath, along which a figure with a market basket is walking home from Richmond. It is just one of those scenes in which the light and shade seem to conspire to make nature appear more real than human habitations. The pale river reflect-

* *Richmondshire*. By J. M. W. Turner, R. A. The twenty subjects photographically reproduced by C. C. and M. E. Bertolacci, in one complete volume, with a concise historical preface. London: Published for C. C. and M. E. Bertolacci, by Messrs. Willis and Sotheran, 136 Strand; and also for them by Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, and Messrs. A. Marion, Son, and Co., Soho Square.

ing back the sky, and the pale town in the evening sun, seem equally unsubstantial beside the steep heavy-shadowed banks of the swale and the dark foliage upon them. Still more beautiful is the photographed engraving of the fall of the Tees called High Force. Round a great round crag,—almost like the face of one of the Nuremberg round towers,—the Tees sweeps down in two waterfalls, one on each side; one of them, after springing forward from the rock just far enough to catch a gleam of light, falls almost perpendicularly in the shadow; the other shelves down in a mist of dazzling sunlight, and only reaches the shadow near its base. On the landward side of both falls stand, half facing each other, two great cliffs, the opposite extremities of the wall of rock through which the Tees bursts, neither of them caught by the sunlight and one densely black in its own shade; but the head of the round crag which divides the falls, and which is isolated by them, is lighted up by the sun, and its lower slope is so thrown forward as just to catch the light again in a sweeping curve that bridges the separating rock, and unites the sunlit with the shadowed waterfall. The effect of these three sweeps of wave,—of water without sun, of sun without water, and of both sun and water together,—is inexpressibly grand; they form an incomplete triangle, of which the uniting arc of sunlight is the slanting base. By the deep black pool beneath, where the two cataracts join, fishermen are standing with rod and net, and with just a glimpse of the brilliant upper day from which the river is rushing down into their twilight. A more poetical picture it is not easy to imagine. The waterfall in shadow (though just touched with light at the top) is almost solemn, and looks like the flowing dress of some gigantic figure turning away from the darkness of the glen towards the sunlight; the other is a sparkling shower of light feeding the gloom; while the belt of fainter sunlight which slants up from one to the other seems to soften the contrast, and shade off the one into the other.

The engraving "Brignall Church" is one of the softest and most delicious of these landscapes. The little church itself lies in one of those sequestered glens which recalls what has been said of Vala Crucis:—

"Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell;
For Peace hath there her tranquil throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown,—
The murmur of the distant rills,

The Sabbath silence of the hills;
And all the quiet God has given
Without the golden gates of heaven."

The silver river winds between hills covered with the richest wood, of which the darkest throws its purple shadow towards the little church, and then sparkles on into the bright foreground, passing Brignall Church almost within earshot of the bubble of its waves. There is not the variety of the two pictures of which we have spoken before, but quite as much beauty as in either. The privacy and soft beauty of the valley in which the church lies, is expressed as few engravings ever expressed it before; Turner might have drawn it with Wordsworth's lines in his head:—

"Beneath the clear blue sky, he saw
A little field of meadow ground;
But field or meadow name it not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With woods encompassed round."

It would be easy to go on dilating on the exceeding beauty of almost all of these fine reproductions of some of Turner's best works. What a picture is that of "Hardraw Falls," the solid wall of bare rock fringed with wood on either side, over which the thin stream of the swift river leaps in silver spray, cooling the summer air for those happy cattle that are gently grazing on the sunny slope in the foreground. But it is idle describing in words what the eye can take in at a glance; and we have only attempted it thus far to persuade our readers of the excellence of these photographic echoes of the original engravings.

From The Spectator.

BUDDHISM*.

MR HARDY would have done better to write a book upon Buddhism specially adapted for English readers. He has a deep practical knowledge of the creed as obeyed in Ceylon, from reading its books and controversy with its priests, and has collected information which in another form would be of the highest interest to Europe. Nothing is more wanted than an account of Buddhism as it appears to an intelligent English theologian—if an Arminian, so

* *Legends and Theories of the Buddhists.* By the Rev. E. S. Hardy. London: Williams and Norgate.

much the better—who has really fought it out with the yellow-robed priests in their own tongue, has understood not only what their sacred books say, which is one thing, but what the expositors think they say, which is quite another. Instead of such a work, Mr. Hardy, either out of laziness or humility—we will assume the second, for the man is evidently both good and temperate—has republished a controversial work intended to fortify the Singhalese Christians among whom he laboured, mingled with explanations intended for a more Western latitude. The result is a jumble of knowledge which, as far as the writer,—who can follow most of the quotations,—can judge, is very accurate; of reflections which, if not always deep, are usually to the point; of legends which would be most interesting, but for the higgledy-piggledy in which they are presented, and of deductions which are sometimes of necessity imperfect. For instance, Mr. Hardy wants evidently to point out the actual working of the Buddhist sexual law, apparently so very pure a system. That is a practical point of high interest to the speculative Europeans who alone will read his book, but he stops short, and will not even quote the Buddhist Scripture, lest a certain laxity in its doctrine should injure his converts' minds. Nevertheless, in spite of its form, his little book is one for which we are indebted, and we will try to condense from it an account of Buddhism, the least known and in some ways the most interesting of creeds, as it appears to a man who has studied the Buddhist books with the aid of Singhalese, *i. e.*, as we understand it, of "Catholic" Buddhists, theologians. We take it—but we give the opinion as the result of much reading, and not, except as to the Indian Buddhists, of knowledge like Mr. Hardy's—that the Indian Buddhist of the higher class is the Neologian, the Burmese the Orthodox Protestant, the Singhalese the High Church, and the Siamese and Chinese the Secularist of the Buddhist system.

We may pass over disquisitions as to Gautama or Gotama. Whether Sakya Muni ever existed, whether he was a Prince, whether he ran away from his wife to hide himself in the jungle, whether he turned the world topsy-turvy, or whether he underwent St. Anthony's temptations in an intensified form, does not matter much. What is certain is, that about 580 B. C., say a century after Lycurgus, a system of thought, probably originating with an individual, did arise on the Indian frontier of Nepal, or did get there from the old cradle of the

human race, and thence spread till it subjugated India, China, and the countries between, and Ceylon—say a clear half of the human race. India fell back from it, or rather superadded to it a system of another kind, at once nobler and more earthly, but in Siam, China, Cochin China, and Ceylon the people, so far as they recognize any system of religious philosophy, recognize this, the most original of all which the sons of men have devised.

Its originality consists in this, that while Buddhism is a religion, *i. e.*, a system of thought having reference to things not material, inculcating self-restraints and moral obligations, it denies the useful basis of all religions. In India, and indeed most places, it is so mixed with Brahminism that it is hard to discern the truth, but wherever it is pure it recognizes no God, no Supreme Intelligence,—the primary idea of Gautama being that to predicate any Self, any Ego, is an absurdity,—no soul, no future life, except as one among a myriad stages of terminable existence. It is not revealed, but discovered by man, any human being who can so far conquer his natural self, his affections, desires, fears, and wants, as to attain to perfect calm, being capable of "intuitions" which are absolute truth; wherefore Gautama, though he argued against other creeds, never proved his own by argument, simply asserting "I know." Its sole motors are *upadan*, the "attachment to sensuous objects," as Mr. Hardy calls it, or as we should describe it, nature, and *karmma*, literally, work, the aggregate action which everything in existence must by virtue of its existence produce, and which *ex rerum naturâ* cannot die. For example, fruit comes because there is a tree, not because the tree wills it, but because its *karmma*, its inherent aggregate of qualities, necessitates fruit, and its fruit another tree in infinite continuity. There is a final cause, but it is not sentient:—"All existences are the result of some cause, but in no instance is this formative cause the working of a power inherent in any being that can be exercised at will. All beings are produced from the *upâdâna*, attachment to existence, of some previous being; the manner of its exercise, the character of its consequences, being controlled, directed, or apportioned by *karmma*; and all sentient existences are produced from the same causes, or from some cause dependent on the results of these causes; so that *upâdâna* and *karmma*, mediately or immediately, are the cause of all causes, and the source whence all beings have originated in their

present form." It will be readily perceived that this theory, expressed by Buddha in this form because he wanted to use illustrations from the germination and self-reproduction of trees and fruit, is really nothing but the old argument of necessity, the "must be" of the universe; but he drew from it a strange deduction. Instead of arguing, as English secularists and many Hindoos do, that as there is obviously a law which is unalterable, and of which we can know nothing, and which therefore we should ignore, and try to be happy as intelligent animals, Gautama set himself to kill the law. Penetrated with the idea that existence, though a natural consequence of a natural law, is mere misery—that the natural man is wretched as well as evil, he declared that if a man, by subduing all the natural affections, could, as it were, break the chain, kill the *upādāna*, or attachment to sensuous things, he would as a reward pass out of existence, would either cease to be, or—for this is doubtful—cease to be conscious of being. The popular notion that *nirvan* is absorption, is incorrect, for there is nothing to be absorbed into, no supreme spirit, no supreme universe, nothing, and into this nothing the man who has attained *nirvan* necessarily passes. To attain it he may have to pass through a myriad states or forms, each less attached to sense than the last, hence transmigration; but when it is reached the perfect result is simply annihilation, or rather the loss of being, for the components of being, if we understand Buddha, could not die. A drearier system of thought was never devised, and we can account for its rapid spread only by assuming what we believe to be the fact, that the Asiatic who was below philosophy understood by *nirvan* not annihilation in our sense, but that state of suspended being in which one exists, but neither hopes, fears, thinks, nor feels, in which he delights, and which we despair of making comprehensible to the Northern mind. Our only chance is to recall to our readers' recollection a fact they may have recognized, but which, if they can sympathize with the *Spectator*, they have probably never realized to themselves, namely, the intense delight some men feel in sleep, not as a relief from fatigue, not as a renovator, but as a *condition*. Sleep is temporary death,—non-existence—and if they can realize the delight in that temporary death, they may understand why, amid a people with whom it is universal, the doctrine of *nirvan* found favour.

With the cosmical system of Buddha or

Gautama we have no concern. Suffice it to say that his theory of what we call revelation is that the intuition of a man who has conquered *upādāna* is absolutely true, and that this idea applied to physics by a totally ignorant person produces an explanation of the phenomena of the world which is simply extravagant nonsense, dreamy stuff about central rocks, and the swallowing up of the sun by a demon. We pass on to the ethical system of Buddhism. Strictly speaking, the creed, by reducing everything to the natural law of cause and effect, should kill morals, but it does not. "Of sin, in the sense in which the Scriptures speak of it, he knows nothing. There is no authoritative lawgiver, according to the Dhamma, nor can there possibly be one; so that the transgression of the precepts is not an iniquity, and brings no guilt. It is right that we should try to get free from its consequences, in the same way in which it is right for us to appease hunger or overcome disease; but no repentance is required; and if we are taught the necessity of being tranquil, subdued, and humble, it is that our minds may go out with the less eagerness after those things that unsettle their tranquillity. If we injure no one by our acts, no wrong has been done; and if they are an inconvenience to ourselves only, no one else has any right to regard us as transgressors. The Dhamma has some resemblance to the modern utilitarianism; it is not, however, the production of the greatest possible happiness at which it aims, but the removal of all possible evil and inconvenience—from ourselves. Nevertheless self-denial is the sum of practical ethics, and Gautama having set up the killing of attachment to sense as the object, and self-denial as the means, has produced a very noble theoretic system of ethics. True, the ultimate reward is only annihilation, but there are intermediate stages, and so powerful is the crave of man to be higher than he is, so terrible his fear of being lower, that even for this he will, theoretically at least, surrender much. No act is in the Buddhist system sin,—the very idea is unknown—but then a bad act produces a bad consequence, just as a rotten substance will produce stench, and bad acts are therefore to be avoided. As to what is good everything is good, because *in se* everything is indifferent, but nevertheless that is bad relatively to its consequence which produces injury to another. If it produces injury to oneself no matter, because each existence is its own irresponsible lord, but if to another then *nirvan* is by that injurious

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act postponed, and he who commits it is lower than he who does not. There is no sin, but there is unkindness, and unkindness produces fruit just as a tamarind produces fruit. The result of that principle, one latent in a dozen creeds besides Buddhism, and secretly believed by thousands even in Western Europe, is a system which, worked honestly out, would produce universal passive benevolence — active benevolence being of no use whatever — and the most *bizarre* muddle of morals in some departments of life. For example, it would be a crime to hurt any living thing, and strict Buddhists still refuse to swallow animalculæ; but it would not be a crime to commit adultery if the husband consented, a deduction formally drawn and acted on in Ceylon, because no one is injured. In practice the idea works in two ways, — the really devout pass lives of the monastic kind, absorbed in themselves, and apart from the world; and the worldly follow their own inclinations, thinking the reward of virtue a great deal too distant and too shadowy a hunt after nothing. So keenly indeed is this felt that in most Buddhist countries there is a sub-creed, not supposed to be at variance with the Established Church, but to work in a less refined but quicker way. When a Singhalese, for example, feels the need of supernatural help, he worships a devil to get it, not as disbelieving Buddhism, but as supposing that devils may exist as well as anything else, and may if kindly treated be as useful as any other allies. Of course the race which holds such a system has, as a race, rather a better chance of being decent than a really pagan one, for it only half understands its own creed, and the stock texts being all very benevolent and philosophical, it takes them for a theoretic rule of life, and though it does not fully obey the rule, it is decidedly better than if the rule were a bad one. The Burmese, for example, are on the whole distinctly a better people than the Hindoos, more especially because as human affairs must go on, they make rules for holding society together — as we also do — which are quite independent of any divine rule at all, and which happen in Burmah to be decently wise.

From the Spectator.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

THERE is a little cloud, no bigger as yet than a man's hand, in the Napoleonic hori-

zon which the Emperor watches with ill-concealed anxiety. The debates this year on the Address, though not wanting either in spirit or eloquence, and though addressed to subjects so interesting as Rome, Algeria, Germany, and the Extradition Treaty, have attracted comparatively little attention, for they are all overshadowed by one not yet begun. In a few days an amendment is to be proposed, praying the Emperor to "crown the edifice" by conceding a large measure of liberty to France. That would under ordinary circumstances be merely a menace of a poignant speech, very disagreeable no doubt to Ministers and very amusing to Parisians, but of no material importance to the Imperial *régime*, but this particular amendment has been signed already by forty-six members, of whom thirty at least are strict supporters both of the dynasty and its system. Every day adds to their number, every addition diminishes the reluctance of the remainder — for Frenchmen, with all their individual courage, are politically gregarious — and it is expected by men not hostile to the Empire that on the day of division at least one hundred votes will be recorded in favour of an amendment fatal to the existing *régime*. Only forty signed the amendment on Tuesday requiring the Emperor to confer all the rights of French citizens on the French colonists in Réunion, Guadeloupe, and Martinique, yet though Government resisted strenuously, it was beaten by 141 to 91. No such event as a great vote in favour of liberty has occurred since the *coup d'état*, and its importance will be considerably increased by the peculiar relation which the Deputies consider themselves to bear towards the Government. Almost all of them not belonging to the avowed Opposition are official candidates formally supported by the Prefects, and as Frenchmen are always logical, consider that in accepting such aid they are bound by the "logic of the position" to support the Imperial view. Nothing but a strong sense either of danger to the country, or to the Empire, or to their own seats, would compel them to take a part in a "mutiny;" and if they do take part, the omen is one full of menace for Bonapartism. We believe that it is such an omen, that the Forty-six are expressing a feeling which is spreading rapidly through France, that there is at last a chance of the only constitutional danger the Empire can encounter — an irreconcilable difference between the Legislature and the Executive power. One of the keenest and oldest politicians in France, a man with a singular

knowledge of the foibles of his countrymen, said the other day, "The Empire is burning itself out;" and so strong is the impression that Corsican advisers, men as devoted to the great Corsican House as Legitimists are to the descendant of St. Louis, are said to have warned the Emperor plainly that the departments were growing cold. Both stories may be untrue, though we believe the first, but the invention of them in Paris bears testimony to the growth of the feeling officially expressed in this amendment to the Address. France is restless, troubled with a myriad of minute discontents, every one of which is fanned by the immense number of persons whom in fourteen years the Empire has irritated beyond forgiveness. We are apt to forget the effect of the gradual accumulation of personal hatreds against a Government like the French. They accumulate in every country, and even in England exercise a most perceptible effect in accelerating the fall of Ministries. But in France they level themselves not at the individual ruler, but at his *régime*, which is changeless, and cannot therefore disarm hatreds by occasional gratifications. Then the genuine French politicians, the few men who really care for France, and the French race, and the French genius, men who are of De Tocqueville's spirit, though not of De Tocqueville's force, and who, though without direct authority, exercise through society much of the influence a few rigid Calvinists will exercise through a religious community, are alarmed by a growing danger. They thought the Empire would last but a few years, and it is lasting many. The lads who were ten years old when the *coup d'état* was struck are now grown men, and have lived their educational life under a system of political obscurantism, which has enfeebled their judgments, hardened their fixed ideas, and embittered their tempers. The wild ideas uttered in Belgium, the eager voluptuousness of the cities, the mixture of indifference and hardness observed in the departments, frighten careful observers for the "future of France." That seems to Englishmen a very vague phrase, but Frenchmen feel it, and a danger to the future of their country once realized would stir them to more than protest. Classes less honest but still cultivated fret under the unyielding repression, the extinction of discussion, the prohibitions placed even upon news, and though they seem so powerless, it is they who have hitherto led all revolutions. The *bourgeoisie*, again, do not like the growing contempt for family life, the

excessive luxury of the great, the recurrence of incidents like the invitation of Thérèse to sing before the Court. Frenchmen are supposed in England to be very "liberal" in all such matters, but they are rigid enough in their own way, though it is not our way, and the very men who throng to a play the chief attraction of which is stripped actresses, sneer bitterly at the Court which can make of such people guests. The *bourgeoisie* are very prosperous, and very pleased to see France raised in Europe, but the duties are heavy, rents terrible, M. Haussman a troublesome despot, and mere comfort has never yet been sufficient to reconcile Frenchmen to a lot they cannot approve. Throughout the brilliant history of France the one antiseptic which has visibly preserved a race always prone to license is its fidelity to sentiment, exaggerated, or tawdry, or vicious sentiment perhaps, but still sentiment, and therefore outside the corruption of material temptation. The *bourgeoisie* once alienated from the Empire cannot be expected to defend it, will by the slow filtration of their dislike downwards help to sap its foundations. The peasantry are disturbed as to Rome, frightened many of them at the coming danger to the last Mexican loan, which was distributed in very small sums, annoyed at what they are told is a failure in Mexico. They see no papers, but the *curés* hear what concerns their Church, and the *curés* have no motive to conceal their dislike of the Imperial policy in America. Finally, the artisans in the great cities, though not pressed for work, and immensely benefited by the Imperial policy on strikes, see their rents rising, their walks to and from the factory growing longer, themselves surrounded by unattainable and flaunting luxury, and ask whether equality — the one object except food for which they will overthrow any institution whatever — does not imply, if not some equality of condition, at least some equality of external life. These sources of inquietude roll together till in the provinces every Imperial success at the hustings is secured by a strained effort, till in the centre of Imperial power, amidst a Chamber almost nominated and entirely "devoted," there are signs of mutiny, hints of the possibility of a protest from the Legislature against the *régime* it has tolerated so long.

It may all come to nothing. The conservative forces which support the Empire are of almost unknown strength. The army, though annoyed at the turn of events in Mexico, and more annoyed at many recent promotions, has given no reason for suspi-

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cion of its fidelity. The peasantry, though recalcitrant, can still be brought up to the polls. The artisans of the cities, though uniformly electing opponents of the Government, are not pressed either by hunger or the fear of it, and in their relations with capital have the Emperor on their side. Paris, though her whole representation is hostile, is driving a magnificent trade, and if oppressed by rents, is proud of her renovated beauty. The Church has not broken absolutely with its "eldest son," and amidst the doubtful or conflicting rush of opinion the power of the sword held in strong hands by a man who can give an order, and who in contingencies which he has had time to consider does not waver, must remain supreme. The Emperor, too, may distract the population by new enterprises, or promises, or even concessions of liberty, and it is far too soon to pronounce the words fatal to so many French rulers—too late. But the more perfect the organism the greater the disturbance caused by any intrusion—the grain of sand which destroys the eye is hardly felt by the foot,—and the machine he guides is vast and complicated almost beyond human control. A hostile vote in the Chamber would be a terrible blow struck at its mechanism, and even a hostile resolution, if numerously supported, will be like an intruding body. If a third of the Chamber really demands more liberty for France, Napoleon must either concede it, in which case the Empire changes its form; or commence a war, in which case all Europe is interested; or risk the rapid growth of that kind of hostility which only immovable men excite, and which in France no Government has ever yet survived. There is a possibility that such a minority may pronounce itself, and therefore we call attention to the coming amendment, praying for more air.

From The Saturday Review.

HOW TO PACIFY IRELAND.

No reasonable being needs to be told that Queen Victoria is, beyond question, the most popular Sovereign that ever reigned over these islands. One or two of her predecessors may have produced short, momentary bursts of greater enthusiasm; but for deep, quiet respect and love, felt in all classes and conditions, none of our former rulers can compare with the present Queen. Now,

this is undoubtedly loyalty of a very sincere and beautiful form. But is it the loyalty which was felt for the Stuarts? Is it the loyalty which led the poor Highlanders to follow an unknown and untried young prince through endless difficulties and dangers, to be finally butchered at Culloden? In a word, is the popularity personal or dynastic? Does it belong to the Queen herself, or to the illustrious house represented in her person?

Upon the proper answers to these questions grave issues depend—graver than, in our fat contentment and prosperity, we are apt to suppose. In consequence of the attractive and exceptional virtues of the reigning sovereign, a whole generation has acquired the attitude and language of a loyalty which it is quite possible might be exchanged for something very different were those virtues conspicuous only by their absence in another occupant of the throne. We are constantly being told that these islands have never been so loyal as they are at this moment; and nothing can be truer, if by loyalty is meant respect and attachment to Queen Victoria. But a misconception is in these circumstances very possible; nay, we believe, is actually very often entertained. Does any one believe that the monarchical principle is more esteemed now than formerly? The personal representative of that principle receives on all hands unbounded honour—honour as merited as it is unbounded; but may we hence conclude that the principle itself is honoured in the same degree? the distinction is very great, and its importance cannot be exaggerated. Noisy protestations of a rather boisterous loyalty, such as are of daily occurrence, are apt to mislead, not because they are necessarily insincere, but because it is obvious that they confound an individual with an office—one of the most certain results of which confusion would most probably be a sudden and vehement recoil of popular feeling, and even possible hostility to that office, should it at any future time be less admirably filled. Let any one conjecture what would now be the language of the Radical and revolutionary press if, instead of a virtuous woman of cultivated mind and exemplary life, a George IV. were seated on the throne. Let any one remember or read of the state of public opinion during the Regency, and inquire, should anything similar ever again occur, whether, with the rush and momentum now acquired by popular and liberal views, an explosion altogether unprecedented might not very probably be the result. And supposing that matters stopped

much short of any such untoward consummation, is it not presumable that in any case the transition from a Queen to a King will be most trying? Many a prosperous Briton, we fancy, whose bosom under present circumstances is ready at any moment to swell with the most gushing loyalty, would experience a sudden and remarkable change of sentiments and emotions were he to witness only a few of the most ordinary of royal vagaries in the person of a male Sovereign.

We confess that the above train of thought was not entirely absent from our minds when we read a paragraph which appeared in the *Times* of February the 2nd. We there read that "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at Windsor on Wednesday evening, by the 7.10 ordinary train, on the Great Western Railway, having travelled direct from Sandringham, attended by Major Grey, for the last day of pheasant shooting in Windsor Great Park." We were further told that the Royal shooting party bagged 137 pheasants, 494 rabbits, 1 partridge, 1 woodcock, and that "the Prince has shot this season upwards of 26,000 head of game." Now in no European nation is a taste for field sports more genuine and vigorous than in the English. A simple, unsophisticated, almost boyish delight is taken in all the accessories involved in the pursuit of game—in the fresh open air, in the hard muscular exercise, in the cleverness and sagacity of the dogs. Shooting with us is its own exceeding great reward. We do not follow it for the sake of victual, like the Esquimaux; nor for the sake of putting on a fancy costume fearfully and wonderfully made, as is occasionally done in certain foreign parts. To see our Princes share and delight in a strong national taste, cannot be otherwise than gratifying to Englishmen. Nothing creates a readier bond of sympathy and mutual understanding than a community of amusements. You may do business with a man, and know all the time he is your enemy; but it is not easy to have a bit of fun with any one whom you cordially dislike. We say, therefore, that it is a source of pleasure to a large section of the public merely to hear of the Prince following the hounds, or shooting grouse in Scotland and pheasants at Windsor. The more our Princes share our tastes the more we like them, and we trust the more they will like us. But *est modus in rebus*. If the figures in the above quotation are correctly given, His Royal Highness must have shot upwards of 150 head of game every day, Sundays included, for the last five months. We are far from

objecting to this, though it is scarcely in accordance with our notions of sport; but we may at least ask, now that the shooting-season is over, whether it is not possible, by an easy effort, to do something even more calculated to secure the affection and admiration of the country. The Prince has hitherto shown, not only such a desire, but such a capacity of imitating the example of his illustrious parents in the punctual discharge of every obligation and duty appertaining to his station, that the public would receive with extreme regret even a hint of a change in this respect. Vague and unstimulating as are the duties of an heir-apparent to the British Crown, he has had, in his own experience, one striking example of the good which it is in his power to effect. It is acknowledged on all hands that his visit to Canada was attended with the most happy and solidly beneficial results. How much of the loyalty of the colony, where it smouldered before, burst out into a steady flame at the approach of the eldest son of the Queen of England! That gala trip saved us probably the cost of transporting a good many regiments in the troubled epoch which has since intervened. An analogous effect was produced by the Prince's visit to the United States, and no one can doubt that, but for the calamitous civil war, a new era of international amity was approaching for England and America. It is impossible to think of these happy past events without being mournfully reminded of the present. An Irish member, on the first night of the session, complained that his country had been so rarely visited by the Royal Family and had received so little attention from them; and the complaint is not ill founded. It is well known that, whatever may be the faults of the Irish national character, incapacity of personal attachment is not one. It is well known that devotion to a chief or leader is so marked a trait in their nature that they will, *faute de mieux*, fabricate, out of the first adventurer that offers, an object of almost religious veneration. Beyond almost any race pretending to civilization, they are open to personal influence and kindness, and indifferent to abstract principles and cold passionless justice. But the method has been to give them nothing but principles—and those far enough from the best—and withhold to the uttermost that personal influence to which they are so susceptible. Since the accession of George I. the time spent by the Princes of the House of Hanover in the sister island might conveniently be reckoned by days, we had almost said by hours. The sad result is only too evident. A

few weeks spent in the autumn by one or more of our Royal family, and particularly by the Prince of Wales, among the poor misguided but truly warm-hearted Paddies, would do more for the sister country than fifty debates in Parliament and a score of constitutional measures. Could not the Prince spare those few weeks before, or from, the next shooting season? What he did in Canada was productive of the best effects. Is there any reason why a visit to Ireland should not have the same happy results? An autumn season which should present the grand total of 26,000 Irish hearts won from treason and disaffection to loyalty and self-respect would be a triumph to the Heir of England more enduring and more satisfactory, both to the country and himself, than the remembrance of that vast bag of fur and feathers which courtly newsmen consider so wonderful and creditable.

From The Saturday Review.

HAPPY FAMILIES.

THE old saying, that parents are wiser than their children, is chiefly true so far as wisdom means knowledge of the world. But whether parents are or are not wiser than their grown-up children, it is tolerably clear that they are not always nobler or better. And though it may be a searching discipline for a gushing young creature of twenty or twenty-one to submit to the incessant rule of those who are her inferiors in self-control, or in generosity and unselfishness, it is not a discipline that daily becomes more attractive. It is no credit to the agent that up to a certain point it is wholesome for the patient. A great deal of the unselfishness and consideration and tact of women is the result of long days spent in humouring the moods, and noting the caprices, and studying the tastes of those with whom they have been thrown into contact during their girlhood and their youth. Little things at such a time make or mar the precarious sunshine of each day, and at a very early part of their life women thus begin to learn to be delicate tacticians and diplomatists of no mean skill. Hence comes, perhaps, their keen power of observing and remembering trifles, not to mention their habit of judging of character from small outward peculiarities.

But it is when we consider the case of married people that the theory of happy

families seems to break down the most completely. There is a great deal to be said in favour of living on cheerfully in the house where one has been reared, and putting up with the faults and failings that have been familiar to us almost from our infancy. In the first place, if natural instincts mean anything, nature is in favour of it. Reason and duty certainly teach us the lesson, whether instinct is silent on the point or not. But it is not so easy to define the precise duty men and women owe to those with whom they have connected themselves by marriage. Let us take the case of a woman who marries the man to whom she is attached. She takes him after some observation, or it may be with some accurate knowledge, of his tastes and disposition. She has had the opportunity of guessing or of judging about them, and, if she is flagrantly mistaken, it must be either because she is hasty or because he has been a hypocrite. As the marriage service tells her, she takes him for better and for worse. But she does not take all his relatives, and his aunts, and his cousins, for better and for worse also; nor does she promise to respect and love them except so far as they deserve it. Why is she bound to love and venerate a set of people who, in spite of their worldly position, may be peevish or ignoble or mean? That by her marriage she contracts certain duties towards them is certain. She ought to respect the feelings of her husband, and not to give him pain or anxiety in her relations with his friends; nor, again, so to conduct herself as to create a coldness within a family circle which has hitherto been friendly, and to which she thenceforward has undertaken to belong. The converse may be said of the husband. He endows her with all his worldly goods, but he does not endow her with all his worldly uncles and all his worldly aunts, and does not agree to be endowed with hers. Any such arrangement would not merely be unwise, but in nine cases out of ten would be impracticable. At the time when people marry, and especially when men marry, they have arrived at an age when new friendships are not so easily made, and when difference of education and of tastes constitutes an insurmountable obstacle wherever it exists. The happy-family system ignores all this, and proceeds upon the assumption that admiration for a beautiful young woman entails the necessity of feeling and affection for every one who is connected with her. All of us whose experience of life has not been unfortunate know many instances where both may easily go together.

But domestic theories ought to be framed not for exceptional instances, but with reference to their probabilities of average success; and it is mathematically clear that the chances of a man's happening to love both his wife and his wife's relations are less than the chance of his loving his wife only. The happy-family principle would be a triumphant success in any ideal region where characters were all perfect and tempers all equable; but under less Utopian conditions it may be demonstrated to be a blunder. It makes a woman's future welfare depend not only on the disposition of her betrothed, but on the difficult and insoluble problem whether every single member of his and her home circle will turn out for years together to be pleasant and good-tempered companions in family life. If marriage under present conditions is a lottery, what would marriage be under conditions such as these? Matrimonial felicity is supposed by the sceptical to be as it is, a rare spectacle, but it would become rare indeed if it were capable of being imperilled by incompatibility of temper or tastes between the married pair on the one hand, and their new connections on the other.

There is, indeed, one sort of happy family which always will continue to exist, and to merit, if not to command, respect. Long before the Christian era it was a by-word among poets, and it is not yet relieved from an unjust reproach. It is the happy family formed by a stepmother and her husband's former children; and if we are to believe books, nothing can be more wretched; while, if we trust to common experience of life, nothing has ever been more undeservedly abused. Occasional cases, where interests have conflicted or jealousies been aroused, are overbalanced by a vast number of happier histories; yet poets and philosophers have professed to dwell on the dramatic interest that belongs to the exception, rather than to acknowledge the less romantic but more invariable rule. It is to be observed that the elements of disturbance which might threaten the unanimity of other happy families in this one instance seldom exist. The stepmother is not planted, on her arrival, in the centre of an adult group with trained and formed characters or developed tastes, and bidden to get on with them as best she can. Usually she may mould her adopted offspring as she pleases, and at any rate she is not parted from them by any barrier of previous education and habit. When the reverse happens, the ordinary rule revives, and it turns

out, as elsewhere, that it is not so simple a matter to ingraft oneself happily on a strange and grown-up household. The failure, under such circumstances, of the exception, proves the soundness, under similar circumstances, of the rule.

From The Examiner.

MR. PEABODY'S NEW GIFT.

To his gift of 150,000*l*. for the poor of London, of which we lately showed how the Trustees were making the best use, Mr. Peabody now adds a second gift of 100,000*l*. raising the fund thus furnished to a quarter of a million, of which only 80,000*l*. are yet spent. As we pointed out the other day, the manner of investment chosen by the Trustees establishes perpetual enlargement of the benefit conferred. Magnificent as the gift is, and great as are the immediate advantages secured by it, the administration of it promises that it may be a leaven leavening in course of time the whole lump of our ill-housed London poverty, and making decent and well-ordered homes, with the amended character their wholesome influence produces, not the exception but the rule with our poor population. The Trustees will doubtless hold by their present scheme, and spend their resources to the utmost on the business of doing one thing well. Mr. Peabody's noble generosity has not benefited London only. America has reason to be grateful to him as well as proud of his good deeds. But for his benefaction to London Mr. Peabody's name is destined, we believe, to grow in honour with every succeeding generation of Englishmen. The quarter of a million invested for perpetual advantage of the London poor is so substantial a capital, that by the time it has been all invested in pleasant homes for poor tenants in different districts of the town, the income from those first built will have accumulated into a new building fund. So there will probably be no year to the end of our future history in which the ring of the bricklayer's trowel will not be heard in some quarter of London as Peabody Buildings rise continually to take the place of the wretched habitations which, by their own material growth and by the growing influence of their example, such well-ordered homes may at last wholly supersede.

From The Examiner.

Drafts on my Memory: Being Men I have Known, Things I have Seen, Places I have Visited. By Lord William Pitt Lennox. In two volumes. Chapman and Hall.

THE abundance of matter for which no suitable place could be found in his 'Fifty Years Biographical Reminiscences' Lord William Lennox here collects in a couple of very amusing volumes. His former work was confined to personal gossip; in the present he gossips about "the men he has known, the things he has seen, and the places he has visited." About the men, things, and places the world has already heard a good deal, and some of the stories here told have been often told before. But that is a circumstance unavoidable, and therefore not to be complained of, while the ample store of fresh information redeems the work from all charge of dullness, and gives it solid value as an aid to understanding of the life of an age fast passing from men's recollections. Almost the first circumstance of note recorded by Lord William Lennox was his presence, while a boy at Westminster School, in the crowd raised by Sir Francis Burdett's commitment to the Tower in May, 1810. His last note concerns the death of Prince Albert. The intermediate ground which he traverses is trodden by such men as Wellington, Byron, Kemble, Brummel, Theodore Hook, Sir Robert Peel, Count d'Orsay, Sydney Smith, Cardinal Fesch, Grimaldi, O'Connell, Shiel, and Talleyrand. "George the Fourth, as Prince Regent and as King, William the Fourth, the Dukes of York, Beaufort, Richmond, and St. Albans, the Prince Louis Napoleon, and the Emperor Napoleon the Third," he says, "are among the inmates of my royal and noble gallery."

Lord William Lennox begins his story with some gossip about the Richmond family. The family vault is in Chichester Cathedral, and over its doorway are inscribed the words *Domus Ultima*, which suggested this smart epigram to a Dr. Clarke:

"Did he who thus inscribed this wall
Not read or not believe St. Paul,
Who says there is—where'er it stands,
Another house, not built with hands?
Or may you gather from these words
That house is not—a House of Lords?"

—lines which, says Lord William Lennox, "show more cleverness than good taste."

After some preliminary schooling near

home, Lord William proceeded to Westminster. While a schoolboy, he went to the House of Commons on the evening of Percival's assassination, and he entered the army to be of Wellington's staff the year before the battle of Waterloo. He was in Brussels during the gaiety made famous by Byron's description. His share in the battle of Waterloo has been described in his former volume. Here he gives a gossiping account of his experiences in Paris and elsewhere, while in attendance upon Wellington. A short stay in Canada brought his military experiences to an end. Henceforth he lived for some time in England, moving gaily in the society of forty, thirty, and twenty years ago. He had some dealings with the "dandies," with Beau Brummel at their head, and Lord Petersham and his brother, Fitzroy Stanhope, among the number. About these latter he tells an anecdote characteristic of the times:

Their mother, the Countess of Harrington, than whom a more amiable lady did not exist, was perhaps a little too stiff for the youth of her day, and as she was the quintessence of propriety and polished manners, she naturally looked for those qualities in all her relatives, especially those nearest and dearest to her. Punctuality was also a great feature in her ladyship's character. Upon the occasion I allude to, Lord Petersham had requested that breakfast might be on the table at an earlier hour than usual, and the Countess was ready at the moment to do the honours, but her son was not present. In a few minutes the groom of the chambers informed his mistress that a gentleman had driven up to the door, having an appointment with the noble heir of the family.

"Request the gentleman to walk in," said her ladyship, "he has probably come to breakfast, for I know his lordship is going a few miles out of town."

The servant seemed "taken aback," but, attentive to his orders, shortly returned, followed by the "gentleman," whose appearance and equipage had created no little sensation in the porter's hall. "What name shall I announce?" asked the servant. "Oh, a friend of Lord Petersham's, Mr. ———." Before the word was uttered the Countess came forward, and in the most refined manner apologised to the newcomer for the rudeness of her son in not being ready, adding that perhaps he would like some breakfast. "Thank you, my lady," responded the unknown. "I should like a little, for we've a long drive before us."

Breakfast was ordered, and on their sitting down the lady made every attempt to ascertain the calling of her visitor, who, she fancied, from his remarks, was connected in some humble capacity with the army. These suspicions were confirmed by the constant allusion her companion made to the commissariat department. The

equivoques that took place, especially those that referred to foreign parts, would furnish materials for a screaming farce.

"You have been abroad, I presume?" asked the Countess.

"Never, my lady: it was one of my name, no relation, that went across the water at his Majesty's expense."

"I thought, perhaps, you might have served in Holland?" she proceeded.

"Your ladyship refers to the Dutchman — Dutch" —

This reply was interrupted by the entrance of the groom of the chambers with the newspaper, and her ladyship asked, "What is the hour by St. James's Chapel?" (Harrington house was at that time in the stable yard, St. James's).

"Nine o'clock, my lady."

At this piece of information, the stranger started up abruptly from his chair, dropped a beautiful china cup and saucer from his hands, exclaiming, "Then, I'm blest if we shan't be late for the 'mill': it comes off at half-past ten, and we've to call in Windmill street for the bird's-eye fogles, and to pick up Heavy-and-Handy, the fighting Life Guardsman, at the Barracks."

At this moment Lord Petersham, accompanied by Fitzroy Stanhope, entered the room, and at once saw the state of affairs. The Countess had sat down to breakfast with Mr. William (commonly called "Bill") Gibbons, the Commissary General of the P.C., or Pugilistic Club. Lord Petersham hurried his friend away, leaving his brother to explain matters, and make all smooth. This he accomplished with such consummate skill, such infinite good-humour, and kind-heartedness, that the Countess was soon appeased and laughed heartily, or rather smiled magnificently, when she was informed that "crossing the water" referred to a case of transportation; and that her guest's knowledge of Holland was confined to his acquaintance with Dutch Sam. Her ladyship was rendered truly happy, when, upon the return of her first-born, she heard from him that his first appearance at Mousley Hurst would be his last. Lord Petersham was too refined a gentleman to take pleasure in pugilistic encounters, then so much patronised by the higher classes, and had only attended on the above occasion to judge for himself what a fight really was.

Lord William Lennox, also, had not much liking for the Ring, or much acquaintance with blacklegs. But he was fond of play-going, and he tells much of the actors and actresses, stage-managers, and playwrights of former times. He tells yet more about the wits of the last generation, with Hook and Barham for their leaders. Here are some of his reminiscences of them:

Barham related a *bon-mot* attributed to Sydney Smith, which I believe has never appeared

in print. In writing to a friend he said, "Unfortunately the house is full of cousins — would they were once removed." He also told us of a remark made by the late Lord Lyttelton after visiting in company with the head master, Dr. Wool, the room at Rugby in which corporal punishments were inflicted. "What motto would be appropriate?" asked the Dominie. "Great cry and little wool," responded the other, looking at the diminutive form of the doctor.

During a drive to Epsom, says Lord William Lennox,

Hook kept up a regular running fire. Pun, anecdote, song, improviso; jests, a century old, disinterred as good as new; venerable Joe Miller's, revived and decked out in modern fashionable attire; jokes manufactured on the spot, of every conceivable variety and pattern, some bad enough to take rank with the very best. So far from recounting them, I despair of conveying an idea of their profusion. The plainest of pedestrians, or the commonest name over a shop door, was sufficient to start him off.

"Ah!" said my companion, "'Hawes, surgeon;' that reminds me of two lines I made on a sawbone of that name during the severe winter of 1814:

'Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
Though bad for *hips* are good for *Hawes*.'

As we reached Vauxhall bridge, "I wonder if this bridge pays?" I remarked.

"Go over it, and you'll be *tolled*," replied the ever-ready punster.

"So," said he, addressing the gatekeeper, who was hoarse, "You haven't recovered your voice yet?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "I've caught a fresh cold."

"But why did you catch a *fresh* one?" asked Hook; "Why didn't you have it *cured*?"

On we went from subject to subject, and pun to pun. The sign of the "Three Ravens," at Sutton, as we passed it, suggested the reflection, "That fellow must be *raven* mad."

Immediately after, we discerned a party of labourers employed in sinking a well.

"What are you about?" inquired Hook.

"Boring for water," replied a gaping clod.

"Water's a bore at any time," rejoined Hook; "besides, you're quite wrong; remember the old proverb, 'Let *well* alone.'"

Speaking of Patrick Roberston,

I heard him tell two good stories, but they lose much in writing, as his manner and accent were inimitable. One was of a "puir minister" who walked to his kirk, attended by his trusty servant Margaret M'Allister. Being rather late, he had to walk fast, and the weather being "wat" and sultry, the minister broke

out into what the fashionable people term a *transpiration*. While preparing in the vestry, he commenced the operation of "mopping" his forehead. "Maggie, Maggie," said he — and we must remark that he was famed for dulness and dryness in his sermons — "I canna gang into that pulpit for two hours. I'm awfu' wat." "Hech ! dinna fash yoursel'," responded Maggie, "when you're once in the pulpit you'll be dry enuch there."

The other was a story of a Highland laird who was addicted to card-playing, and had been engaged in it until a late hour on a Saturday evening. Next morning in church he accidentally pulled out of his pocket with his handkerchief a pack of cards, which flew in every direction. The attention of the minister was called to this untoward circumstance, and looking straight at the offender, he exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but your psawlm book is unco ill bound."

This is a story about the late Bishop Blomfield, not to be found in his biography:

It seems he had been preaching himself morning and afternoon, and was rather drowsy during a lengthy evening discourse from another divine. A companion seeing the bishop nodding, and fearing it was about to be succeeded by unepiscopal snoring, gave him an occasional nudge; and when the discourse was finished, the Bishop shook his neighbour warmly by the hand, and said, "One of the most awakening sermons I ever heard."

Lord William Lennox repeats two anecdotes of Lord Shaftesbury. On one occasion he was examining the girls of a ragged school. "Who made your vile body?" he asked of one of the elder children. "Please, my Lord," was the answer, "Betsy Jones made my body, but I made my skirt 'myself.'" At another school examination, after a reading from the Psalms, he asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh by darkness?" "Please, sir, bugs."

One often wonders how such slang phrases as "There you go with your eye out," "Go it my cripples, crutches is cheap," "Who's your hatter?" and "How's your poor feet?" originally get into fashion. Lord William Lennox gives the history of one:

One summer, when returning from Hampton Court races, on the box of a four-horse drag, with poor Charley Sheridan, who possessed a large portion of the talents of that truly able family, by my side, we overtook an elderly gentleman on the bridge, whose rotund appearance no amount of Bantingism could have reduced,

and who hailed us to pull up. Our well-bred amateur coachman, Fitzroy Stanhope, obeyed the summons, and Sheridan, descending from his seat, asked the stranger his pleasure.

"I see you are full outside and in," was the reply; "you drive a little too fast, coachman, during these crowded days; who is the proprietor of your coach?"

"I am not aware," responded the descendant of the immortal Richard Brinsley.

"Not aware!" echoed the other, the blood mounting in his rubicund face, and giving us the idea that a fit of apoplexy would follow. "When does the next coach go by?" he continued, "I prefer a pair horse to your scampering four."

"I am not aware," again said Charley, with a most bland and winning smile.

"And your name, Sir, for I presume you are guard."

"I am not aware."

"Come along, my boy," said Fitzroy, "we shall be late," as Sheridan proceeded to resume his seat.

"Late!" exclaimed the obese gentleman, "why, what o'clock is it?"

"I am not aware," shouted Charley, as we drove off, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, towards London, leaving our "fat friend" in a great state of excitement. During our dinner, which took place that evening at Crockford's Club, the subject turned upon "cant words," and a small wager was made by Sheridan that he would get "I'm not aware" into as great a popularity as belonged to other sentences. The expiration of the Goodwood race-week, which was shortly to follow, was the time allowed for the general introduction of the phrase.

"Of course you'll assist me," said Charley, addressing me.

"You may depend upon my services," I responded, and fully did I act up to my promise. Upon reaching Goodwood House, where fifty questions were put to me, as honorary secretary of the racing club, I replied, "I am not aware," until, at last, others caught up the words, and the phrase became general. After dinner, on the second day, I replied to General Peel, who asked me what time the races began, in the cant phrase; but he retorted upon me, for on my asking the name of one of his young horses, he answered, "I am not aware."

"So let it be," said I, "an excellent name," and from that moment the son of Tranby was called "I am not aware."

With such notoriety the phrase soon became universal, and Sheridan won his wager.

One other page, and our extracts must come to an end:

"In England, during the French revolution, the Duke of Bedford invited the emigrant Duc de Grammont to a splendid dinner, one of those magnificent entertainments which English noblemen pride themselves on giving to

crowned heads, and their good feeling prompts them to offer to exiles. During dessert, a bottle of Constantia was produced, which for age and flavour was supposed to be matchless. It was liquid gold in a crystal flagon, a ray of the sun descending into a goblet, it was nectar which was worthy of Jove, and in which Bacchus would have revelled. The noble head of the house of Russell himself helped his guest to a glass of this choice wine, and De Grammont on tasting it declared it to be excellent. The Duke of Bedford, anxious to judge of its quality, poured out a glass, which no sooner approached his lips than with a horrible contortion he exclaimed, 'Why what on earth is this?' The butler approached, took the bottle, applied it to his nostrils, and to the dismay of his master pronounced it to be castor oil! The Duc de Grammont had swallowed this horrid draught without wincing.

This is a book that can only be reviewed by quoting from it, and we have drawn our quotations from its light and more amusing parts. There is also in it much of more solid character, in descriptions of famous people and in comments upon bygone customs, that is well worth reading.

From The Spectator.

MADNESS IN NOVELS.*

THE hint given by Miss Braddon has been very quickly taken. For her purpose it was necessary to strengthen the old machinery of novel-writing, to introduce changes more frequent, acts more unaccountable, catastrophes more violent and appalling. She did not wish, being artist after her kind, to introduce these things absolutely without explanation, and yet where was the explanation to be found? The world, strangely tolerant of supernatural machinery in real life, half inclined to believe in instructions from the dead and messages from above, in people who can float through the air and people for whose sake the souls of the just are willing to proclaim themselves arrant fools, is nevertheless very intolerant of the supernatural in novels. If any young lady kills somebody because an angel told her to do it, which, granted the angelic command, might not be an unnatural proceeding, we simply shut the book, and refuse to read anything its author may subsequently have to produce. On the

other hand, the author cannot avail himself of the old instrument, self-will as developed among those who never felt any external restraint. Gilles de Retz would simply be disgusting in a modern novel. If the tyrannous baron in a story sends retainers to kill his daughter's low-born lover, we unconsciously inquire why the lover does not apply to the police. Even the machinery of passion must be kept within due bounds. The nineteenth century believes in love and jealousy, and in a feeble way even in hate, but it is aware nevertheless that the mental concentrateness out of which these passions spring is in this age rare, that it is hard for John to hate Thomas up to the point of killing him if John reads the *Times* every morning at breakfast, that when there are ten Jills for one Jack love can hardly be intensely individual, that jealousy, of all passions, dies amid a multiplicity of interests and pursuits. It believes in fact in Trollope rather than in Mrs. Radcliffe. The sensationalist was at fault, for to make a sensational novel "harrowing" there must be motive, impulse, human act, and human suffering, as well as mere incident. To "bring your art to your mouth" there must be a soul as well as a life in peril. A tumble down a well is nothing, a wife who throws her husband down one is much. One does not tumble down wells, but in the murder one may, if it is only artistically told, recognize the undeveloped wild beast in one's own heart. Miss Braddon perceived this, and it is to her credit that she discerned a mode of restoring the lost sensational effect to character. Madness may intensify any quality, courage, or hate, or jealousy, or wickedness, and she made Lady Audley mad. Thenceforward she was released from the irksome *regime* of the probable. Nobody could say that a yellow-haired goddess, surrounded with every luxury, and delighting in them all, fond of dress, and furniture, and high feeding, with intense appreciation of art, and of art in its domesticated form, would not for very refinement push her husband down a well or burn a village inn. Who knows what a mad woman would or would not do? Who realizes her impulses, or those wild temptations which are not impulses, which so far from developing the character, are so unlike it that the Oriental world to this day holds madness and possession synonymous, and reverences the mad. Probability became unnecessary, *vraisemblance* a burden, naturalness a mistake in art, everything was possible, and the less possible the emotion the greater the surprise and pleasure.

* *St. Martin's Eve*. By Mrs. H. Wood. London: Tinsley.

The Clefts of Chiffy. By the Author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*. London: Hurst and Blackett.

It was a great discovery, and novelists have not been slow to seize it. Here is Mrs. H. Wood in want of a strongly sensational machinery. She wants to paint jealousy in its extreme forms, and she has not of course the power to create Othello, or the art to paint, as Thackeray or Trollope might have done, the morbid passion in its naturalistic nineteenth-century dress. She could not paint the being who should commit murder before the eyes of his audience and seem not only natural but even noble, and still less could she draw the figure of to-day, in whom all passions ought to be lukewarm, yet who can be made by this feeling murderous in purpose, can be provoked to taunt, and bite, and starve, and slander the victim of his animosity, who can think murder and do it provided only he or she is not called on to use the dagger—the spurting blood would spoil her dress—or offer the bowl—Herapath would say what it was made of. But Mrs. Wood can, being familiar with medical lore, make a mad woman do anything. If any ordinary novelist made an ordinary woman do what Charlotte Norris does in *St. Martin's Eve*,—fascinate the man she loves, then hate his child, and then either burn to death the poor infant of four years old who loves her, or seeing him on fire leave him to burn, we should condemn her as ignorant of the first truths of the human heart, and her story as a meaningless tissue of improbabilities. But then Charlotte Norris is mad, secretly mad, and an access of jealousy brings out homicidal mania. She has been born just after her father has gone mad, and displayed his madness in a fit of raging jealousy, and her mother has striven through life to keep her from marrying at all. The idea of her congenital insanity—which, by the way, in a physiological point of view is badly put, the father having been sane till just before her birth—is kept carefully before the reader, and he throughout expects from it some such crime as he is barely aware throughout the last volume has been committed. All therefore seems to him natural,—the horrible hatred of the stepchild, the equally horrible detestation of the nurse who in delirious ravings has declared her suspicions of her mistress's crime, and the calm worldly demeanour through it all. We say it is natural, but at all events the unnaturalness disappears, for no one except Dr. Forbes Winslow knows what is natural in a patient with intermittent lunacy taking the form of jealousy on behalf of another. Granted her data, Mrs. Wood has worked out her story well, but then her data ex-

clude art as much as the data of the novelists who used to employ ghosts, and revengeful Italians, and secret passages, and all the rest of it, to produce impossible or exaggerated results. As a picture of a mad woman cursed with an invisible form of madness *St. Martin's Eve* is not good, as a story of crime dictated by undiscovered mania it seems natural, and that being the one quality it would otherwise lack, it may be pronounced a good novel. It curdles the blood without exciting the feeling of contempt.

The author of the *Clyffards of Clyffe* has gone farther. In his story everybody is mad except the first hero and his betrothed. The chief sufferer is insane evidently, and the second hero, the bad heroine has helped to keep a madhouse, and has insanity lurking in her veins, and both the bad villains are mad doctors, and make a trade of torture. A lurid horror is thrown over the drama, such as a Greek tragedian would have obtained from the presence of his inevitable *Ανάγκη*, the remorseless fate pressing equally upon the evil and the good. Every one either is mad, or fears he may be mad, or is sought in love in order to keep away madness, or drives a debasing trade in the sufferings of the mad, and of course everything is possible. It is possible that a man might believe his own wife the haunting spirit of his ancestral home, possible that his mad son might hunt by night as a wild eccentricity, possible that the step-mother might, with insanity lurking in her, plot or carry out any extent of murders. It is possible that a madhouse-keeper given to torture might taunt his victim as he hung from the cliff, possible to the excited reader that he might hate a crab till he dug for him in the sand in a such position that a rock fell on his arm and held him fast to die of exposure and starvation. What is impossible in an asylum, and Clyffe is merely an asylum without apparent keepers? Such incidents told by a strong pen of course attract, just as a horrible newspaper report attracts, and *The Clyffards* will have readers. We do not object, except when we are told that there is high art in such books. There is not, for the very object of using such a machinery is to conceal the absence of art, the inability to invest human motives, and natural impulses, and acts, and incidents such as we see around us with sufficient interest to enchain the reader. The infinite majority of civilized persons are not mad, very few of them are murderers. Not many of them are adulterers, or haters, or madly jealous, or permeated with any passion save

that of getting on, and being in their different ways reasonably happy. True art, as it seems to us, would depict this majority and interest us in them, make us see the differences of pale colours, and follow the feeble nuances of gesture, and appreciate the chasms created by apparently faint disparities of culture, and we have artists among us who can do all this. But then we do not deny that there is an art in depicting the unnatural, an art shown in conceptions like Fuseli's, an art which may rivet the spectator not in what it sees, but in the thought of what it would see were all the conditions of art reversed. There is power in *Vathek* as well as *Hamlet*, and we complain only when the one is raised by false criticism to the level of the other. Granted an atmosphere in which light does not elicit colour, and *St. Martin's Eve* and *The Clyffards of Clyffe* are singularly well painted.

From The London Review.

THE MASTER OF TRINITY.

THE University of Cambridge has lost in Dr. Whewell its brightest ornament. In position, as in mental power, he towered above the rest of the University world, and indeed in physical stature also. Tall and massive beyond the vast majority of his fellow men, the external superiority with which nature had gifted him was but a faint shadowing forth of the vast intellectual superiority he possessed, owing in part, of course, to natural endowments, but in great part also to the steady life of loving labour which he lived. No man of his times had such a keen enjoyment of an intellectual knot as he. The warmest passions of a hunter were fully developed in his mind, carrying him over all difficulties in the pursuit of essential truth. Not the most plodding German with his pipe and his coffee could outdo the late Master of Trinity in determined application when real work was to be done, and yet he was of all men the most genial and charming as a companion, playfully pouring floods of light derived from the most out-of-the-way sources upon the most trivial subjects of drawing-room employments. From a "History of the Inductive Sciences" and a "History of Scientific Ideas," down to double acrostics and witty lines in ladies' albums, there was nothing that Dr. Whewell could not do, nothing that he did not do well.

He will be much missed in many ways by his University. His name was always ready when Cambridge men were told that their reputation was not great among modern men of science. He was a member, and a valued member, of very many learned societies at home and abroad, and his fame had reached the ears of the scientific in all lands. To call him superficial was to speak ignorantly, for it was the thoroughness of his work that most struck those who really knew what his work was, quite as much as the vast extent of the field his genius covered. Superficial men do not receive such honour as he did from one foreign society or academy after another. Such a reputation as his is the best test of solidity of intellectual work. If by the charge of superficialness it is meant that Dr. Whewell had not devoted years of study to the various subjects which he adorned with his pen, then the charge must hold good, for unless he had lived to the age of the antediluvian patriarchs he could scarcely have appropriated any very long space of time to each of his branches of study. But there was about the man something so mighty in grasp, so retentive in recollection, so rapid and so perfect in digestion, and so very clear in giving forth again, that he seemed to possess the *esprit prime sautier* of a woman combined with the most complete ratiocinative powers of the most able man. Up to the day of his accident he was vigorous as ever, though he had been a short time before much broken by the death of his second wife. The last number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contained an earnest article in support of Mr. J. S. Mill from the pen that is now forever still.

Like his patron — though, indeed, he was a man who was his own patron, and those who gave him steps in earlier life, were but obeying the master-force in him which marked him out for success — his death has resulted from a fall from his horse. Any one who has seen that exceedingly massive frame, which used to stand clear above all heads in the Senate House, or wherever men met together, in Cambridge or elsewhere, will understand how heavily it would fall from a horse at speed. It was at first thought that a fit had come upon the Master as he rode, as was apparently the case with the late Sir Robert Peel, but when consciousness returned, he remembered all the circumstances which had preceded and attended the accident, and had evidently retained his senses up to the moment of falling. It was always thought that his seat on horseback was insecure, and at his age,

and with his weight, it was a matter of doubtful wisdom to ride much, especially on a horse which is said to have been accustomed to harness, and not at all the sort of horse a man like Dr. Whewell should have ridden.

This great man, for such undoubtedly he was, sprang from a humble rank in life, being the son of a carpenter in Lancaster. The popular story has always been that he was himself at one time a blacksmith, and his mighty thews and sinews have favoured the idea. But those who are better informed know that he was sent from the Free Grammar School at Lancaster to Trinity College, by the kindness of a patron who had heard of his great genius for mathematics from the master of his school. There are many stories current with respect to Dr. Whewell's position in the Tripos, where he appeared as Second Wrangler only, and Second Smith's Prizeman, Jacob, of Caius College, being Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman. It is said that the Senior Wrangler always professed to be the very opposite of a reading man, and by this means removed the spur of competition which would have urged Whewell to greater exertion, and might have changed the eventual result of the examinations. In particular, the story goes that Jacob hired a cottage for reading, at some distance from Cambridge, and used to ride out after breakfast, and work hard all the morning, coming in splashed with mud about half-time, leaving it to be supposed that he had spent the day in riding across country. At any rate, Whewell was second, but unfortunately his successful rival did not live long after his triumph, so that it is impossible to compare the further career of the two men. The Tripos examination was an irregular sort of affair in those old days, we write now of the year 1816, and Messrs. Bland and Miles, the Moderators who were responsible for placing the men in Jacob's year, had not the same means of arriving at an accurate result as the Moderators of the present day. After his degree, the young Second Wrangler soon became Fellow and then Tutor of Trinity, at a time when many remarkable men were resident in the University, amongst whom he was known as a most able but an overbearing man, and this failing he never shook off. Genial to the highest degree in society in which he could unbend, he was yet, from the beginning to the end, exceedingly stern in his official capacity. In his lifetime many stories were told which will now probably die out for a time, only to be

revived when they can be related as matters of history, sufficiently remote to be no longer unfeeling. Of course, as Master of Trinity Dr. Whewell filled one of the very highest positions in the kingdom, and he filled it much as one of the old Churchmen, Wolsey for instance, filled the exalted places to which their talents raised them. It is said that he refused more than one bishopric, always observing that "there are twenty or thirty bishops in England, but there is only one Master of Trinity." And indeed, any one who knows what the Mastership of Trinity means, and what a bishopric means in these times, can see that to leave the Lodge for any Palace in the kingdom would be a most unwise exchange, so far as worldly advantages are concerned. From the keen appreciation which Dr. Whewell had of the greatness of his position, and not, one may suppose, without some appreciation of the comparative greatness of him who occupied that position, there resulted a manner in official proceedings which conciliated no one, and thus it happened that the man of whom Cambridge was most proud was perhaps at times the most unpopular man in the University. This unfortunate failing destroyed much of the influence which such a man as he, in other respects was, must have exercised upon the conduct of affairs, and personal opposition on the part of lesser men frequently neutralized the good which Dr. Whewell's clearness of mental vision might have done. It is a lesson which those in authority would do well to ponder carefully, this man of mighty powers constantly opposed and outvoted because of the unpersuasive way in which he advanced his views, and the impatience of opposition which he displayed.

It seems to be not generally known that Dr. Whewell was not a fellow of his college at the time when he was appointed to the Mastership. He had a short time before married a sister-in-law of Lord Monteagle, and resided in Cambridge as Professor of Moral Philosophy or Casuistry at the time when the Prime Minister gave him the Mastership, on the resignation of Dr Wordsworth. It is a significant hint of the universal character of his acquirements, that he held successively two Professorial Chairs in subjects so widely different as mineralogy and moral philosophy, proving his fitness for either chair by his published works; witness his memoir on the State and Progress of Science of Mineralogy, drawn up for the British Association in 1841, and his numerous works on Ethical Philosophy. It is another significant hint of the character

of the man, that when his first wife died, he put the facts of their married life, together with the whole of the Burial Service, into English elegiacs, as if even for his sorrows there was no relief like working hard at them, and getting them down in black and white, and in due order of precedence.

Mineralogy and Moral Philosophy by no means exhausted Dr. Whewell's field of study. Valuable treatises on Electricity, Magnetism, Heat, Geology, the Tides, the Desiderata of Science, Architecture, the Plurality of worlds, the Indications of the Creator, Political Economy, and others in abundance, *quos numerare longum est*, remain as living memorials of the versatility of his genius. To these it is scarcely necessary to add the names of his greater works, "The History of the Inductive Sciences," "The History of Scientific Ideas," "The Novum Organon Renovatum," "The Philosophy of Discovery," "The Treatises on Astronomy" in the Bridgewater Treaties. In presence of this incomplete list, what pigmies ordinary men must feel themselves to be. That consciousness should make them very tender to the one great fault of the great man who is gone.

From The Examiner.

DR. WHEWELL

NEVER recovered from the shock caused by his fall from his horse, and died soon after five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, aged seventy-one. The following sketch of his career and character appeared in Wednesday's Times: "The Master of Trinity was the head of the residents at Cambridge no less by the vigour of his intellect and the range of his acquirements than by his position as the head of its greatest College, and the place he held in academic society was due more to himself than to his office. His towering figure was one of those soonest known by the undergraduate, who had heard of his renown long before he came into residence, and when he quitted the University at the end of his career the Master of Trinity was the man above all others whom he remembered as the representative of Cambridge learning and Cambridge dignity. Half a century has passed since Dr. Whewell himself took his degree. He was born at Lancaster in 1795, and his career may be taken as evidence of what could at all times be accomplished even in the most unreformed

condition of our educational institutions. His parentage was humble, and it is said that his father intended to devote him to his own handicraft, but he was sent to the Free Grammar School of Lancaster, and proceeded in due course to Trinity College. His position in the Mathematical Tripos as Second Wrangler, followed by the acquisition of the Second Smith's Prize, proved the possession of the intellectual powers which he cultivated up to the day when he suffered the accident which has since proved fatal. That a Second Wrangler should be in due time Fellow and Tutor of his College is a matter of course, but Mr. Whewell possessed an intellectual vitality which was not satisfied with the mere work of a College Tutor. In 1828 he was elected Professor of Mineralogy, succeeding to the chair which had been founded for Dr. Clarke, and when the British Association was formed he was requested to draw up a report on the condition of that science. It was in connection with the British Association (of which he was President in 1841) that he drew up the 'Reports on the Tides,' and on the 'Mathematical Theories of Heat, Magnetism, and Electricity,' which rank among the first of his mathematical productions. Before this he had been chosen to write the 'Bridgewater Treatise on Astronomy,' and it is, perhaps, this circumstance which first suggested to him the 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' published in 1837, followed in 1840 by the 'Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences,' which are undoubtedly the works by which he will be best known in after years. In 1832, he resigned the Professorship of Mineralogy, but in 1838 accepted the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, which he held till 1855. In 1841, during the Ministry of Sir Robert, he was nominated to the Mastership of Trinity on the resignation of Dr. Wordsworth, and in this position he took an active part in introducing into Cambridge the new studies which have since been recognized by the institution of the Natural and Moral Sciences Triposes. As Professor of Moral Philosophy he founded prizes for the encouragement of that study, which he himself always pursued with avidity. He edited Sir James Mackintosh's 'Introduction to the Study of Ethical Philosophy,' published a couple of volumes of his own on 'Morality,' and among his latest productions were some translations of the 'Ethical Dialogues of Plato.' If we add to this list, in which we have taken no notice of mere University text-books, 'Lectures on Political Economy,' delivered at the desire of the late Prince Consort before the Prince of Wales and

other students; an edition of the works of Richard Jones on 'Political Economy,' 'Architectural Notes on Churches in France and Germany,' and 'Some Specimens of English Hexameters,' published in a book containing similar efforts by Sir John Herschel, the late Archdeacon Hare, and Mr. Lockhart, we may give some idea of his extraordinary versatility and industry. Men of such wide and varied attainments as Dr. Whewell possessed are always open to the suspicion of being but superficially acquainted with some of the branches of knowledge on which they write, and the Master of Trinity was sometimes disparaged, as Leibnitz was in his day. The saying that "Science was his forte and Omniscience his foible" is well known, though it had, in truth, less real ground than even epigrams usually have. Dr. Whewell was doubtless not uniformly great, but he reached a high degree of excellence in everything he attempted. It is probable that defects in his manners encouraged those who were ready to disparage what they were unable to measure. Dr. Whewell was at times disposed to overbear opponents, and for some years his influence in the University was marred by resentment against this defect. At the same time he often exhibited an urbanity which, coupled with this universal knowledge, made him a delightful companion. Much must be allowed to a man who is compelled to tolerate persons much his inferiors in ability; but Dr. Whewell must be allowed to have exhibited an occasional disdain of those who might fairly be deemed on some subjects his equals. This was in part, however, probably attributable to the high estimation in which he held the College of which he was the head, and which was wholly free from any alloy of personal vanity. He was prouder of Trinity College than of any of his works, and would have sacrificed everything to magnify it. And it must be added that he endowed it with almost Royal munificence. Some seven or eight years since he built, at his own expense, a hostel for the reception of some of the overflowing students of Trinity, who had been compelled to live in lodgings for want of rooms in College, and at the time of his death he had commenced still larger works by way of addition to the former building which he had unwillingly deferred in consequence of difficulties in obtaining the necessary site, but the completion of which, we have reason to believe, he took care to provide should be independent of the accident of his death. Dr. Whewell was twice married, and twice a widower. His first wife was

Miss Marshall, a sister of Lady Montague, and he caused a mortuary chapel in the Cemetery at Cambridge to be built after his own designs as a memorial of his affection. She died in 1854, and he married, secondly, in 1858, the widow of Sir Gilbert Affleck, a sister of the late Mr. Leslie Ellis, himself a Fellow of Trinity, whose virtues and whose rare abilities are treasured by his friends, and not least when alive by Dr. Whewell. His second wife died on the 1st of April last. The Mastership is in the gift of the Crown, and is worth about 3,000*l.* a year."

From The Saturday Review.

BRICK ARCHITECTURE IN LOWER SAXONY.

WE have lately in several articles incidentally mentioned the remarkable examples of brick architecture, ecclesiastical and domestic, which are to be found in several of the cities of Northern Germany. It may be as well finally to wind up the subject by some attempt at generalization, as to the peculiarities of the style, at least as it appears in the district with which we have been dealing—one which may be described as the north-eastern part of the ancient Circle of Lower Saxony. The brick district of North Germany extends much further than this, and any very wide generalization on the subject would therefore be dangerous. But classified local observations have always a certain value, if only as making a beginning, as starting subjects for examination, as suggesting hints which such further examination may either confirm or confute. We have therefore no hesitation in putting together some general remarks on the brick buildings of that particular district. Further inquiry may show how far the same characteristics extend, or do not extend, beyond its limits.

Architectural style, it is obvious, is always much influenced by the material employed. This, in most cases, is the same thing as saying that it is influenced by the nature of the country and the materials which it supplies. It is of course always possible to procure materials from a distance; Caen stone and Purbeck marble are found employed in places at a great distance from Caen and Purbeck. But such a practice can never be universal; it can only apply to buildings of unusual im-

portance, where cost is of comparatively little moment. The mass of the buildings of any country will always be built of the material supplied by the country itself. If a district supplies a good stone, the architecture of that district will be superior to that of its neighbours; a good style of building will be introduced earlier and will last longer. The excellence of the buildings of Somersetshire and Northamptonshire, and the late date to which good architecture survived in both counties, is mainly owing to the abundance of good building stone in each. A district where good stone is not found, if not very far from a stone district, may, like the Lincolnshire Holland, import stone from a neighbouring district which is better off. But commonly a district without good stone will be left to its own resources. A poor, rural district, especially if well wooded, will continue largely to employ timber both for churches and houses, and its architectural style will necessarily lag behind its neighbours. The western midland counties of England and a large part of Wales will supply instances. There is a lavish employment of wood, roofs attain to a sort of barbaric richness, but ornamental stonework is rare except in buildings of special importance. A richer district in such a case will employ brick as a substitute for stone. An occasional brick building of mediæval date is found in the east of England, diversifying the flint-work of East-Anglia, and the timber-work of Essex. But, as a rule, an ancient brick church in England is a rare object, and, though we have abundance of splendid brick houses, they are nearly all of late date.

But in the great commercial cities of the district of which we have spoken, brick is the universal material for buildings of all classes. Churches, houses, gateways, town-walls, are all of brick. Brunswick, as we have seen, is a stone city; Bremen is half stone and half brick; but in Lüneburg, Lübeck, Schwerin, Wismar, Rostock, and Doberan, brick is universal. It is also the material of such small remains of ancient Hamburg as retain any architectural character at all. Here are materials for at least the beginnings of an induction; and it may be profitable to compare the buildings of this region with those of another great brick district in Aquitaine. The buildings of Aquitaine and of Lower Saxony are as unlike as buildings of the same material can be; but the use of the same material has made a certain amount of likeness unavoidable.

The use of brick necessarily involves a

certain degree of plainness. Unless stone is mingled with it, it is impossible to produce the rich mouldings, the elaborate tracery and foliage, of mediæval stone architecture. Stone mouldings are cut by the hand; brick mouldings are cast in a mould. It is therefore impossible to give to brick the same freedom and variety which can be given to stone. For his mouldings, his tracery, his foliage, the brick architect is unavoidably confined to a few simple forms. A certain degree of sameness is the necessary result. One or two plain types of window occur everywhere in the brick district of Lower Saxony; attempts at more elaborate tracery are found sometimes, as very conspicuously in St. Katharine's Church at Lübeck, but they are quite exceptional. Hence, as a rule, the brick styles do not attempt very wide windows. In Aquitaine, the narrowness of the windows is appropriate to the climate; but no such reason exists in Lower Saxony. The German architects attempt wider windows much oftener than those of Aquitaine, but the wider they are the worse they are. The brick style never shows to greater perfection than when the windows are many, tall, and narrow, as in a large part of St. Mary's at Rostock. But, though Germany can show wider windows than Aquitaine, its brick architecture has nowhere anything to compete with the triumphs of the art of tracery elsewhere. The vast pointed windows of England, the magnificent circles of France, are utterly unknown. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. If the windows of the brick churches are mostly plain and monotonous, they are at least saved from reproducing the abominable perversions into which Flamboyant tracery ran in other parts of Germany.

From this peculiarity another follows. It is by no means so easy to fix the date of brick buildings as it is of those of stone. Brick architecture clearly did not follow stone architecture in its various later developments. The general use of brick would seem to have come in during the thirteenth century. In the cities mentioned above, there is very little brick work of earlier date, except in Lübeck Cathedral. Most of the buildings are much later than the thirteenth century. But there is an impress of the latter half of that century upon all of them. While the worker in stone, having the free use of his hands as well as of his head, was always inventing one new form or another, the brick artist, working with moulds, kept to the few simple forms which were first introduced.

Geometrical and Arched tracery were in use when the brick style came into use, and to Geometrical and Arched tracery the brick style adhered throughout. The Arched tracery, as the simpler of the two, was the favourite. Flowing tracery, Perpendicular, and Flamboyant are unknown; even the *Katharinenkirche* at Lübeck, where the tracery is so much more elaborate than usual, does not get beyond Geometrical forms. One almost wonders, when one remembers the constant intercourse between England and the Hanse Towns, that some observant man did not introduce a little English Perpendicular. The stiffness and regularity of its form would, one would have thought, have quite suited them. But though a stray Perpendicular window or two does turn up at Zürich and at other places where nobody would have looked for it, at Lübeck, where one would have looked for something of the kind, it is not to be found.

It follows therefore that there is not much to be learned from these churches in the way of architectural detail or of the succession of architectural styles. They may be said roughly to be all in one style. Even where there is manifest difference of date, where a building has undergone manifest changes or additions, there is commonly nothing that can be called difference of style between the earlier and the later work. The exceptions to this rule are to be found in the few examples where any part of the brickwork goes back to Romanesque times, as in Lübeck Cathedral and in the very curious church of St. Nicholas at Rostock. There is nothing analogous to that juxtaposition and substitution of different varieties of Gothic with which we are so familiar in England.

Indeed, the architects of these buildings seem quite to have understood that the simplicity and monotony of detail which appears inseparable from the material must be made up for in some other way. And made up it truly is in the general majesty, the amazing height, the varied and elaborate outlines, of these churches. In this last respect they differ in a marked way from the brick churches of Aquitaine. These, with Alby at their head, affect a certain simplicity of conception which would make them admirable models for modern town churches. Alby has neither aisles nor transepts, and therefore no pillars or arcades; it is one gigantic body with mere chapels between the buttresses. But the brick churches of Lower Saxony revel in the variety of subordinate chapels,

transepts, and so forth, which they throw out in every direction. The tall aisleless apse, so characteristic of German Gothic, such as we see at Bern, Freiburg, Dortmund, and, in its highest development, at Aachen, is exchanged, in the greater churches, for elaborate groupings of apsidal chapels, more in the French style, though with distinct arrangements of their own. Nothing can be more striking in this way than the two great churches at Lübeck. The Friars churches, however, even here, sometimes cleave, as in St. John's at Bremen, to their characteristically simple forms, and, by the oddest caprice of all, several very fine churches, including two of those at Rostock, have flat east ends. But the grouping of chapels at the east end and the addition of chapels to all sort of unusual places is distinctly the rule. In point of height, the larger churches positively revel. Few interiors anywhere surpass in general effect either the *Marienkirche* at Lübeck or its namesake at Wismar.

It is curious that, while variety of outline is so carefully sought in this way it is not sought at all in the way most fertile of it, and most characteristic of other parts of Germany — namely, the grouping of towers. A single western tower, with perhaps a *dachreiter* or *louvre* over the junction of nave and choir is the rule, and the great Lübeck churches depart from it only so far as to substitute a pair of western towers. Central towers, eastern towers, slide towers double choirs like Hildesheim, are all unknown. The single western tower, as at Moissac and Alby, seems also the Aquitanian rule, though some of the churches of Toulouse have very fine single side towers. Some of these single western towers, commonly crowded with tall spires of wood and lead, are magnificent structures, and the variety in design is very great. Such are St. John at Lüneburg and St. Nicholas at Rostock. The west front of the *Marienkirche* at Rostock is an indescribable vagary, which, though the opposite to beautiful, it is worth going to Rostock to see. The *Marienkirche* at Wismar has a saddleback; the tower of St. Giles in the same city, like that of Schwerin Cathedral, is unfinished. Doberan has no tower at all.

The houses present a greater variety of external ornament than the churches. But this variety consists almost wholly in the repetition of various Geometrical patterns, wrought commonly in bricks of different colours. The fronts of the houses are generally finished towards the street with what is locally called a *schultergabel*, answering

to the *corbie-steps* of Scotland. This, in some of the richest examples, swells into a series of small gables and pinnacles; in others, there are no corbie-steps, but one large gable of the natural shape. But, in all cases, the design rises to a central point, so as to allow a series of blank arcades rising one above the other. A more effective form of street architecture could hardly be devised; still there is something not wholly satisfactory about it. It is unreal; go round the corner and look at the roof, and the *schultergabel* is at once seen to be a sham, no less than the west fronts of Wells, Lincoln, and Salisbury Cathedrals.

These noble buildings, both churches and houses, are very little known to English antiquaries, and it strikes us that they are not valued as they should be by their own possessors. In England the study of mediæval architecture has fairly made its way; it is established that the buildings of a country are an essential part of its history. Those who do not care for the study themselves fully recognise that there are other people who do, and that those who do so are engaged in a rational pursuit. But very well-informed men in North Germany seem in a manner puzzled that an historical inquirer should take any interest at all in the ecclesiastical and domestic architecture of their cities. And certainly the pursuit of architectural knowledge in those regions is in some respects a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A most perverse habit prevails of planting trees close up against the churches, as if on purpose to stand in the way of any one who wishes to draw them. And in no part of the world does the appearance of an architectural student arouse such amazement. The unlucky artist is surrounded by a mob of unruly children, whom there seems no law or police to restrain. One hears much of the police in the German States, but just when they might be useful they keep themselves hidden. In the Prussian dominions the educational system of which we hear so much seems to provide an everlasting supply of idle urchins, who are always coming out of school and never going in. At Lübeck things are rather better, at Bremen rather worse. At Wismar a kind of martyrdom has to be endured in the form of actual pelting, which makes one think that the local discipline of the cudgel might in some cases not come amiss. An artist must in any part of the world be prepared for a certain amount of annoyance, which he easily learns to put up with. But any annoyance which he may meet with in any

part of England and France is a trifle compared with what in this respect seems to be the utter barbarism of the North-German cities.

From The Spectator.

* THE ANGLO-SAXON LET LOOSE.

WE have no need now to justify the course we pursued in regard to the Jamaica cruelties. As in the matter of the American war, so in this, the "audacity" of the *Spectator* in facing public opinion has been justified by the result. Slowly and unwillingly, but decisively, the House of Commons, the journals, and even the middle class, have swung round to the side originally so unpopular, have renounced their Philistine belief that the Englishman abroad can do no wrong, and have admitted that there is a principle higher even than the defence of the divine right of white authority. There is still evidence of the feeling that a murder committed by a half civilized black is a crime infinitely worse than a murder committed by a highly civilized white, of the belief that ignorance, and squalor, and savagery increase the moral responsibility for crime. There is still of course a great talk about the exaggerations of negro evidence, as if the educated Europeans of India had not sent home monstrous stories of mutilations, or as if a reign of terror were a *régime* calculated to elicit truthfulness, and there will yet be a determined attempt to shield Mr. Eyre from the consequences of his abuse of authority, but the substantial object has been attained. No colonial Governor in this generation will ever again venture to let loose the dominant race upon an inferior people, or surrender his claim to guide and moderate that irresistible and almost inexplicable energy which, in Jamaica as in India, enables a few thousand half organized Englishmen not only to defeat adversaries who outnumber them as forty to one, but to move among hostile multitudes like the knights of the middle ages among peasants, slaughtering till they are weary, but without a wound themselves. It remains only to discuss a fact which Englishmen at home often deny, but which to all who have lived either in Asia or South America is patent, though still puzzling, the terrible ferocity which the Anglo-Saxon—a bad word, but no other includes even roughly

the whole English speaking family — when once released from the conventional bonds almost invariably displays. That ferocity is not of course exceptional among mankind. The Athenian slaughtered more pitilessly than the Englishman has ever done or will do, Frenchmen did acts both under the Red and the White Terror which in their sustained cruelty were almost without pagan parallel, and the Spanish treatment of subject Indians called forth the indignant remonstrances of men who deemed the Holy Inquisition a tribunal acceptable to God. But the Athenian had no article in his creed teaching respect for human life, the Spaniard believed he was slaying soulless men, and the Frenchman admits that there is in him an element of the tiger. But the Englishman is at bottom good-natured, is at home a law-abiding man, credits himself justly enough with an instinctive preference for fair play. No race seems to have overcome so completely the love of cruelty for its own sake, none, except perhaps the Arab in his best aspect, has ever admitted so fully in theory and practice the duty of benevolence towards the whole animated creation, foxes alone excepted. None stands up so steadily and persistently against official oppression, or pleads so earnestly for the "rights" of the weaker in a dispute. What makes him of all mankind, this good-humoured, just, and law-bound individual, once let loose against a race he intends to rule, so exceptionally ferocious? Race hatred? Partly perhaps, but that only pushes the analysis one step back, and the records of his action in Ireland and the Highlands are too deeply stained for that explanation to be accepted as complete. Nothing related even of this last exhibition in Jamaica exceeds in horror the little known but demonstrable atrocities committed under the Duke of Cumberland after Culloden, atrocities which but for a strange concurrence of favourable circumstances would have fixed a deep gulf between the Highlander and the Englishman. The horrors committed in the great Irish Rebellion were almost surpassed by the horrors committed in its repression, and all that genius and popular sympathy can effect have failed to efface from the character of Cromwell the terrible stain of Drogheda. The motive must be sought deeper yet in the national character even than that strange pride which, with a cool contempt for ethnological facts, we term the sentiment of race, and we believe it will be found in this.

Deep in the Anglo-Saxon heart, as in the heart of every people, save the Arab, which

has ever achieved domination, lies the instinct of masterfulness, the thought seldom formulated, but never absent, that he has by innate right, by a privilege beyond or above all human and most divine laws, the prerogative of sway. Alone among mankind the Anglo-Saxon has never consented to settle in any land ruled by another law or administered through another language than his own. Spread abroad over the whole world, he settles nowhere where he has not dominion, and there is not on earth at this moment a group of five thousand English-speaking men who obey a foreign rule. They cannot do it. Sooner or later they and the native authority clash, and then, bickering eternally among themselves, the haughty insular people, whose one idea is to create an England or a New England in every land, stand back to back as organized as an army, and in their cold determination to be at the top conquerable only by extermination. The sergeant who when ordered to kotow to a Chinese Prince under penalty of death quietly took the death as a preferable injury, expressed the feeling of his entire people. The root of the frightful massacres of Englishmen in India was the native conviction that while there was a white man alive he would want to be at the top, and that sooner or later, by wile or force, he would get there. This instinct of dominion, in itself the most valuable of qualities, for without it we could not do our destined work of ploughing up the sun-baked civilizations of the East, produces naturally an overwhelming impatience of resistance. Rebellion to such a race is an insult. We would ask any Anglo-Indian whether, during the entire mutiny, the struggle was not embittered by the intense feeling of every member of his caste, that he was *insulted* by the rising of a subordinate race, insulted much more than alarmed by the menace of massacre? It is that feeling, and not race hatred, which produced the horrible incident recorded this week by the Jamaica correspondent of the *Daily News*, a white man treading down the new earth above Gordon's grave, avowedly that he might enjoy the feeling of "trampling that fellow under his feet." Taken together, the two feelings make the Englishman in time of rebellion the most logically pitiless of human beings. He will go any length rather than hear of compromise, would, we believe, have depopulated India rather than surrendered a province or a district. Those who have risen must bend again, be the consequences what they may. Our principal motive in supporting Gov-

ernment in its recent exercise of power in Ireland, — an exercise on many points, such as the seizure of the *Irish People*, at variance with Liberal principles — was the fear lest, if Fenians once descended into the streets, we should witness one of those awful bursts of fury with which Anglo-Saxons respond to insurrection against themselves. We all know, who know ourselves, that to retain Ireland the nation would in the long run stop at nothing, would, if the insurrection began with massacre, sweep the Celt from the face of earth sooner than yield. Anything, even a sentence to Pentonville for keeping a green coat, is better than to let loose that awful passion of domination which has over and over again written such records against the English people. Bad enough even in Europe, that passion is among inferior races exasperated by the pride of colour, by the necessity for energy involved in excessive disproportion of numbers, and by the belief that it is morally better for the dark man to be ruled by the white, into a Berserker frenzy, producing at once the noblest heroism and the most hideous cruelty. One man will contend to the death against a thousand, and then after conquering slay on, as if Heaven had issued, as the Jews imagined, a decree against the Canaanites. Numbers, weapons, circumstances make no difference. The Englishman so situated would fight on if the spirits of the air were visibly assailing him, aye, and feel while fighting that a warlike nation of thirty millions were insolent in daring to try conclusions of battle with eighteen thousand of "the hereditary nobility of mankind," and after winning as he invariably wins, would scatter death as if he were still fighting. The cry against Lord Canning's clemency was bitterest from men who were hourly engaged in combat, and in Jamaica it was the actual fighting men, men who like Ramsay had seen service, or like Mr. Ford turned out from civil life to the conflict, who were most relentless. This very man Ramsay, whom even Jamaica condemns, would, we doubt not, have stood up alone against a parish of armed blacks sooner than acknowledge for a second that his race was not entitled to rule. The axiom which associates cruelty with cowardice is as false now as it was in the days of Alva, or Tilly, or Claverhouse, each of them monsters of cruelty, who yet knew no fear. Fearless, insulted, and pitilessly logical in his resolve to rule, the Englishman in the struggle is apt, as the Septemberists said, to "get blood in his eyes," to yield to that horrible feeling which comes

over some men in action — a mad crave to destroy, an anger which nothing except slaughter can appease, a lust of bloodthirstiness such as towards the end of a battle it has often perplexed English Generals to control. They are then just as dangerous as wild beasts, and almost, we trust, as irresponsible. Nothing but discipline, or its equivalent, the strong control of the only man they will obey, the representative of the national authority, will then hold them in, and it is for letting the reins go, as much as for what he did himself, that Mr. Eyre is responsible to the country.

This is, we believe, the true explanation of the slaughter; for the flogging there is a different one. Something is probably due in Jamaica to the old slaveholding tradition — the astounding case of the planter, for example, who is said to have flogged all his creditors — but many of the chief actors, Ramsay included, had no connection with slavery, had probably never seen the institution at work. The ready resort to the lash is due, we fear, to the tinge of barbarism which still infects our discipline. Men who have seen fifty lashes given for an insolent expression, as in Ireland this week, cannot realize the full barbarity of the punishment as men realize it who, like Frenchmen and the English cultivated classes, have absolutely surrendered its use, object to its inflection even on the most violent class of criminals. Failing prisons, such men fall back on the lash by the instinct of custom, and inflict it with a recklessness which suggests the strange doubt whether they do not secretly deem the punishment a merciful alternative to death. The flogging of women was exceptional, and is perhaps the very worst feature of the frightful scenes in Jamaica, as being the one of which the executioners best knew the horror. Not one such case occurred in India, and indeed the very opinion which was hungering for slaughter condemned every form of torture as unwarranted even by recent massacre, and to be defended only by demonstrable military necessity. There was cruelty in those acts, cruelty in the use of wire, cruelty in using human beings as targets which was foreign to the English Berserker rage, and explicable only by the existence in the colony of an absolutely bad feeling, that ulceration of hate which arises when hatred has been indulged for years. That hate was peculiar to Jamaica, but everywhere in the world, in Ireland as in India, among Cheyenne Indians as among Tasmanians, the most awful responsibility a governing man can incur is to

let loose, loose from conventional bonds and external discipline, the Anglo-Saxon lust for a dominion which, when acknowledged, he can use more leniently than any other race on earth.

From The Spectator, 24th March.

THE CONFLICT AT WASHINGTON.

THE view taken in England of President Johnson and his recent quarrel with the majority in Congress, is probably wider astray from that warranted by the facts of the case than that of any critical American event since the outbreak of the war. There are several reasons for this, — one, that the vulgar and inflammatory speech in which the President denounced the Radicals and accused them of intending his assassination was never printed in full in any English paper, was panegyricized most by those who did not dare to print it at all, and but faintly rebuked even by the most Liberal of all the English journals, which only published about half, and that not containing a full half of the wildest and most unworthy matter; another, that the *Daily News*, which hitherto has been far the wisest, soundest, and most thoroughly informed of all the English critics of American politics, has become, for some intellectual crochets which we cannot explain, almost the mere advocate of the President, — though of course an advocate profoundly convinced of the truth of its own case, — and has ceased to our mind to square its judgments with the facts of the case. Add to this that Mr. Johnson's policy has in it a first appearance of generosity to a vanquished foe, that Mr. Stevens and the other Radical leaders, though far fairer and less violent in their language than Mr. Johnson, have been often silly and intemperate, that the full evidence as to the condition of the South and the condition of opinion in the Western States is never reproduced in the English journals, and we are not surprised to find the public mind more prejudiced, because more completely uninformed, upon the present political crisis in America than it has been on any of the American embarrassments of the last six years. Indeed the false issue so pertinaciously asserted to be the true one by Englishmen at the commencement of the war, — the issue of Protection *versus* Free Trade, — and never better exposed than by

the *Daily News* of five years ago, has been deliberately adopted by it this week as accounting in great part for the Republican hostility to the President's policy of reconstruction, — the motive being of course that it is the interest of the Eastern States, which are all violently Protectionist, to keep out the Southern States, which are nearly unanimous for free trade, until the financial policy of the future Union has been once firmly fixed. We confess that we are surprised to find this argument in the *Daily News*, when the truth unquestionably is that the Western States are quite as averse to the policy of Protection as the South, and for the same obvious reason, that they have no manufactures, and are great producers of the raw materials which Europe needs, — and yet that nowhere, not even in Massachusetts, have the Radical party in Congress been so warmly supported in their opposition to the President as in Wisconsin and Iowa, where the State Legislatures have gone so far as to pass votes condemning the President's policy by enormous majorities, — majorities of two to one, — and supporting those of their own Congressmen who have remained firm to their principles. We are persuaded that as a rule this plausible trick of accounting for the deeper differences on high political questions by selfish motives is founded in a complete misconception of the weight of political feeling. Bad tariffs cause revolutions sometimes no doubt, but where they do, their advocates do not try to disguise their motives under the form of a battle against slavery, or their opponents to plead State rights instead of Free Trade. The hatred of slavery now heartily unites the North-West and North-East, while the minor tariff question tends to divide them, and, — so much greater is the cementing power of the higher principle, — fails.

The real issue between the President and the Radical Republicans is, we believe, a vital one. The President, under the influence of his old Democratic principles, wishes to let both the South and the Union *reconstruct itself*. He desires to see the Southern State Legislatures — all, excepting only that of Tennessee (?) consisting of men hostile, without exception, to the North, and still more hostile to the civil rights of the negro freedmen — restored at once to their full powers; he would permit them, unopposed except by the feeble machinery of the present Freedmen's Bureau, to enact formally the most stringent negro vagrant laws, and to refuse the education to the negroes which the Freedmen's Bureau has hitherto given;

and he would do all this on the plea of the sacredness of self-government, forgetting in the depth of his old Southern prejudices that the despotic government of one race over another is not self-government in any sense of the word. More than this, he not only would permit, but even *demands*, the immediate admission of deputies from all the rebellious States to Congress,—deputies themselves disaffected to the Union, chosen for that disaffection, and chosen, moreover, on a constitutional law which greatly increases their number in virtue of the very negro population whom they not only do not represent but whose interests they are chosen to oppose. Mr. Johnson wishes to see the small party of Northern democrats re-enforced by the large party of Southern democrats, who would no sooner be in Congress than any further protection by Congress of the freedmen of the South,—and probably also of the interests of the Union there,—would become impossible. And all this Mr. Johnson wishes, sincerely, we believe, on the formal ground that the old machinery prescribed by the Constitution must be put in force as soon as States and representatives can be got to profess lip-loyalty to the old *régime*. Such is the President's view,—a view radically based upon the idea that, as the Southern States' machinery answered very decently *before* the rebellion,—for to Mr. Johnson's mind the existence of slavery was only a blot so far as it endangered Union,—it is not likely to answer worse now, when the climax has come, the blow has been struck, and has failed.

On the other hand, the Radicals assert that to reconstruct either the Southern State Legislatures or Congress by the mere formal application of constitutional doctrine to a society in a flame of hatred both against its conquerors and its former victims, is simply as mad as to heap up to dry near a blazing fire gunpowder still wet with the very water which extinguished the powder mill's conflagration. They assert that it is idle first to lavish life and money on a gigantic war, and then to beg their opponents to take back their former advantages and build up the old rivalries strengthened by the bitterness of defeat, once more. They appeal to the evidence given by all the new Southern 'vagrant' laws, which are practically laws establishing a most oppressive serfdom, that the spirit of caste is as virulent as ever in the South, and far more personally virulent *against* the negroes than before, because their value as property is lost. They cite the opinion of General after

General that the South is still engaged in widespread conspiracies—called 'Historic Societies,' and what not—which, if they could but get the opportunity of any foreign war, would burst out again into a new secession. They quote the speeches of the Southern candidates for Congress, who do not scruple to advocate the repudiation of the national war debt. And they ask whether it is the part of reasonable men to establish in supreme authority in the various States, governments so hostile to the only loyal—the negro—portion of the population; and also to invite back into their full influence in Congress, men who will do their best to destroy the credit of the Union or to foment its enmities with foreign States.

We confess the logical position of the Radicals seems to us quite unanswerable; and the sort of evidence on which they rely is not doubtful or weak, but positively *swarms*. Let us just quote a little to show its nature rather than its strength,—which last we could not do if we devoted a whole paper to the task. Major-General Thomas, the victor of Nashville, is a Conservative in politics, and not a Radical. He has long commanded in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. He wishes the Tennessee deputies readmitted to Congress, though he opposes, as in the highest degree dangerous, the recall of the troops even from Tennessee. And the following are his own words to the reconstruction Committee:—

"There is an understanding among the Rebels, and perhaps organizations formed or forming, for the purpose of gaining as many advantages for themselves as possible; and I have heard it also intimated that these men were very anxious and would do all in their power to involve the United States in a foreign war, so that if a favourable opportunity should offer they might turn against the United States. I do not think they will ever again attempt an outbreak on their own account, because they all admit that they had a fair trial in the late rebellion and got thoroughly worsted. *There is no doubt but what there is a universal disposition among the rebels in the South to embarrass the Government in its administration, if they can, so as to gain as many advantages for themselves as possible.*"

His evidence is confirmed by witness after witness as conservative and moderate as himself. General Grierson, who has been in the South, almost ever since Lee's surrender, not only confirms this, but says that, except in Tennessee, the feeling is far *less* favourable, far more inclined to organize

new revolt, than at the time of General Lee's surrender. The sense of exhaustion is partly relieved; the hope of revenge is far stronger than before:—"I think that instead of growing more willing to accept the situation, they are showing a more intense feeling of bitterness toward the Government. I speak of leading men more particularly." "I think," he adds, "that every Congressman elected in the State of Alabama was elected by reason of his devotion to the cause of the rebellion. Some of them served at Richmond as Congressmen, and others as officers in the rebel army, but in no case that I know of was a loyal man elected. The truly loyal people of Alabama do not wish the present elected Congressmen and Senators from that State admitted into Congress." Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter Brooke confirmed this by saying that he did not know of "one loyal newspaper" in all Alabama. General Grierson also said that the attempt, so much favoured by the President, to reorganize the State militia, is nothing but the reorganization of the Confederate Army, in State detachments. He said that in Alabama the State authorities had congratulated themselves greatly on their success in getting General Thomas to withdraw the United States' troops, that the militia system was immediately organized by the provisional governor to supplant them, that every officer who received commissions in the militia was an officer of the old Confederate Army, and that no Northerner or Unionist had the remotest chance of such an appointment. Further, General Grierson has no doubt that an election now would produce men far more hostile to the Union than even four months ago. There was a disposition then to pick out men for office as little objectionable to the Unionists as possible, but since Mr. Johnson has headed the party, the old fierce feeling has come out again uncontrolled:—

"I think that if another election were held for Congressmen and Senators, they would elect men who are even stronger in their sentiments for the South and against the Government than those heretofore elected. They did in some cases try to pick men who would not be objectionable in every respect. They think that these men now would be objectionable to the Southern people. I infer this from a great many things. For instance, all *employees* of railroads, telegraphs, and express companies who were loyal to the Government, are having their heads cut off and their places filled by sympathizers with the Rebellion. Many of them were heretofore officers in the Rebel ser-

vice. At the time of the surrender, and even after, they manifested a disposition rather to divide this thing, but that is entirely changed."

This is surely very remarkable evidence, and it is supported by the testimonies of almost all the Unionists who know the South. Then as to the freedmen, we need not rely on the numberless accounts of open murder, seizure and sale of them to Cuba, re-enslavement under the vagrant laws, and the rest; the open profession of the planters is that, while they will not admit the rights of freedmen, they do feel themselves relieved from all the responsibility they formerly felt for them as their property. Their language is now, "Government freed you, and now let Government take care of you," their own part being avowedly to foil Government in taking care of them as completely as they can,—by persuading the President where they can, by disobeying and defying him where they must. But apart from personal testimony as to feelings the facts are sufficient. In Louisiana, for which with the other States the President demands immediate admittance to Congress, the Legislature just adjourned was all but entirely composed of men who were a few months ago in arms against the Government. The Courts charged the grand juries "that it was treason to advocate equal suffrage." The militia force is officered entirely by officers of the Confederate Army. The schools for the freedmen have been shut up all over the State, but these poor freedmen are being taxed to support the mean white schools from which they are excluded. *Union men are openly taxed for loyalty to the Union, and imprisoned for it.* The blacks are forbidden by law to move between plantation and plantation, and if transgressing the law are re-enslaved under criminal statutes.

Such is the state of things which Mr. Johnson's policy has promoted, and the natural development of which into either a new secession, or a servile war, or both, his policy is still promoting. Any one who considers the evidence carefully will not be surprised that in spite of those financial differences which separate North-West and North-East, they should unite to resist the insanely constitutional course,—constitutional in form, utterly unconstitutional in spirit,—on which the President, with his narrow democratic formula, is so firmly embarking. We believe that their verdict will in the end be distinct enough to over-ride even that iron-minded, short-sighted, Southern Unionist himself, and that England will have to con-

fess for about the dozenth time in the last few years that she has judged by hasty prejudices, instead of on a calm review of the real evidence, what are the real aims and the real merits of the conflicting authorities at Washington. We do not speak as mere friends of the negro,—but as politicians, looking at the general issue. Fortunately for the world the plain claims of justice and of statesmanlike policy are usually joined together by a power which men strive in vain to defeat when they would willingly put them asunder.

From The Spectator, March 24.

THE COMING STORM IN EUROPE.

THE dull, dumb, instinctive wisdom of the British people, the wisdom which, like the swallow's flight southward instead of northward, does not depend on intellect, was never more clearly shown than in their view of this German quarrel. There never perhaps was a great Continental danger which excited so little interest. If we may judge from outside symptoms, or indeed from the anxiety with which some doctors of eminence speculate on the character of the pustules, Central Europe is very sick indeed, is in the most imminent danger. It is not only possible, but probable, that before our next issue appears the German people, perhaps of all existing races the one best able to appreciate and enjoy both the lives lived by mankind—the sensuous and the spiritual—the race least moved by illusions, yet most tenacious of ideas, the human family which of all others luxuriates in the simplest pleasures and the deepest refinements of thought—will have commenced a civil war. Nearly a million of Germans may be in movement intent on killing each other scientifically, to secure an object which at that price is not worth securing, which could be secured quietly by arrangement, and which if not secured now, nevertheless is as sure to be secured as corn is to grow in an ordinary season. Englishmen do not care. The majority of Englishmen are infinitely more interested in the question whether Earl Grosvenor is wise or foolish in his motion on Reform, is giving expression to a thought, or simply obeying an order passed by the English substitute for a *conseil de famille*. We will not do our countrymen the injustice to suppose they are really indifferent, really careless whether mankind

suffers a calamity or not, so self-absorbed that they cannot look for a moment beyond questions about which they are at heart profoundly indifferent, but the truth is they do not believe in the hubbub. They have been so accustomed for fifty years to hear German potentates express great purposes, and discuss wide plans, and make a resonant fuss about resources without doing anything, that they cannot believe anything is going to be done now. During the lifetime of this generation Prussia has always been announcing her intention of taking something or other, which Austria has always refused her permission to take, and after an immense *tintamarre* neither party has obtained what it professed so strongly to desire. Twice the Powers have appeared to be on the brink of war, once their armies have been drawn out in battle array, once both have seemed within a hairsbreadth of being absorbed in an organization which would have changed the face of Europe. Nothing has come of it all, and nothing, says the English ten-pounder, the most sensible and the most stupid human being now breathing, will come of this *fanfaron*, any more than of those which have preceded it. Some loophole will be found, some more or less absurd formula of words, and Germany will go on, and Lippe Detmold will think his estate a nation, and great princes will make speeches like American orations from the stump, and Germans will write matchless monographs and demand official permission to travel ten miles, as of old.

For once we agree to the bottom of our hearts with the ten-pounder. An instinct, probably identical with his, though less wise because less unconscious, compels us to believe that, despite all the fuss, and the clanging of arms, and the waving of feathers, and the careful instruction in future words of command, Austria and Prussia will not go to war. Either Austria will at the last moment retreat, and taking a heavy bribe as solatium, sing a *Te Deum* for her victory over human pride; or Prussia, at the twelfth hour dreading the penalties of conquest, will sing the "*Quare Fremuerunt Gentes*," and exult over her Christian moderation. When two prize-fighters can plead the weal of the Fatherland as an excuse for not coming to time, a cross is very easily arranged. But while sharing the instinct to the full, we are bound to admit that we do not share the intellectual impression. It is hard to realize the idea of Austria and Prussia at war, but still more hard to conceive the

path by which they are honourably to avoid the now threatening contest. The stake admitted to be at issue is great, greater than Englishmen perceive, and the quarrel is very far advanced. The King and Minister of Prussia have both pledged themselves very deeply to their people that they will keep the Duchies. Both are men who, except under overpowering necessity, will be apt to keep their word, the Premier because he is deliberately offering aggrandizement as the preferable alternative of freedom, the King because he has with the capacity of a sergeant-major also his conscience, the conscience which repudiates falsehood except when it serves a visible military end. They will retain the Duchies unless expelled by force, and if they retain them will retain also the potential sovereignty of Northern Germany. Mecklenburg and the Hesses do not intend to fight. Hanover is saturated with Prussian feeling. The Free Towns, and the Saxons, and the Wurtembergers are powerless in the face of the Prussian army encamped among them, and if the Duchies are successfully annexed Germany north of the Maine is lost to the Kaiser for ever. That is a heavy stake, and that is not all. The Emperor of Austria loses not only that visionary throne for which his race have for five centuries sacrificed all, their souls included, but will have shaken his hold over his patrimonial domain, will have shown to Hungary that resistance wins the concessions never granted to reason, and will have warned Italy that every hour now lost is an hour of opportunity. He will not risk so fearful a shock to the prestige of centuries, will rather encounter the war which ever since 1815 his family have expected. Unless the Continental press is in a conspiracy of lying, he has accepted the alternative, and is arming fast. A great army has been collected on the Northern frontier, with Marshal Benedek, a fighting soldier, in command. An Archduke has been despatched to protect the Southern frontier. Croatia, Transylvania, and other provinces of the same kind, in which the garrison is usually heavy, but which can be left without soldiers, have been denuded of troops, all on their march towards the northern countries. The treasury is poor, but the needful commissariat has been provided. All Southern Austria has been informed that a requisition for horses is within the bounds of possibility. All furloughs have been recalled, and all editors warned that the movements of troops are now among the closest secrets of State. These

things mean war, and we confess, — always with the proviso that the lying is not unusually portentous, — we see no escape from the belief that sooner than suffer Prussian dictation in Holstein, sooner indeed than see Northern Germany absorbed in Prussia, the Hapsburgs will fight, will fight now, and will fight hard. If they are compelled to fight, we are in presence of another European war of which no man now living can predict the end or the duration — a war which will probably engage Italians and Danes, Frenchmen and Turks, which will make widows in Sicily as well as Zeeland, and leave as many children fatherless in France as in Hungary or Brandenburg. It is useless to talk of Austrian weakness, and chatter about tariffs, and mutter about *metalliques*, and quote sophisms about Hungary's opportunity and Venetia's hatred. If we are in presence of war the Kaiser will issue an order which will be obeyed by six hundred thousand trained soldiers, whom he has the means to move and to feed, if the rest of his subjects starve; and the movement of six hundred thousand men to actual conflict is a calamity which it is not in the power of human language to exaggerate.

But will the Kaiser be compelled to fight? There is one, and but one, pacific circumstance in the whole situation, and upon that we try to base what is really only an instinctive hope. Prussia must begin the contest, must actually strike a blow before anything overt happens. The Kaiser need do nothing. He is not the offender; he simply says the administration of Holstein belongs by public law and solemn agreement to him, and as his troops are in Holstein and his Commissioner rules the Duchy, decrees and despatches to the contrary are singularly unimportant. To commence the war the King of Prussia must do something very violent, say arrest Dr. May, editorial person in Holstein, who upholds the Duke of Augustenburg contrary to Prussian decree, and the question is whether he will do this. We *feel* that he will not, will rather enunciate some magnanimous platitudes as a reason for not doing so, but we *think* he will. All Germany will understand if he does not that Prussian threats have one limit, and that is Austrian resistance; the Prussian people will understand that they have not sacrificed their liberty to secure the future of Germany, but to be ruled by a person who dreads action; and the Prussian Army will understand that its new organization and the victory of Duppel have not made it the

supreme army upon the Continent. Finally, the Duchies will understand that in pleading for their autonomy they have armed Austria at their back, and not merely an inactive, though friendly, public opinion. The King can scarcely desire to let in so much light upon the subject, more especially as by the latest accounts he is secure of the neutrality of the minor States, and if he gives himself the rein the war is as inevitable as it may be disastrous. Still there is the instinct by which we, as well as the next green-grocer who reads these lines, decide that this war can never be.

Fortunately, there is one point upon which instinct and reason cannot in this matter be at variance, and that is the action of our own country. We have nothing whatever to do with the quarrel. We opposed the original robbery, and if the burglars choose to quarrel over the plate, so much the better for the somewhat cowardly police. If peace comes a great calamity will be averted from the world. If war comes, Italy, for which Englishmen care as they will not care for Germany till Germany is free, will see that the hour has struck, and we trust realize the proverb about the luck that comes to honest men when thieves fall out. If in the great contest Austria, losing Venetia, wins the general game, North Germany will be free of Brummagem Cæsarism, and ready to commence a new career; and if, on the other hand, Prussia wins, Napoleon and the Czar will be face to face on the Continent with a new, and impregnable, and a conservative power. In any case the interest of this country is not to waste strength in a useless mediation, but to watch keenly, and so legislate at home that when the hour of our action strikes, we may not find that emigration to lands happier for the poor has too greatly reduced our fighting strength.

From The London Review.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE is something dreadfully uncomfortable in the feeling with which one reads the debate in the French Senate last week on the report of the committee on a petition by Dr. Cornol, for an extension of the *Code Civile* in the matter of ante-burial ceremonies. The French law is exceedingly tiresome in all that relates to the conveyance of corpses from one place to

another, and indeed in everything connected with death, so that if an Englishman is by any misfortune charged with conducting the last rites for a friend or a relation who has chanced to die in France, he will find it about the most annoying piece of business he has ever had anything to do with. It is nothing of this kind, however, against which Dr. Cornol has petitioned, for in all probability a Frenchman accustomed to paternal government may not feel its solicitudes in season and out of season to be so much a *gene* as a less profusely governed man does. The law requires that twenty-four hours shall elapse between death and burial, and the minimum thus fixed Dr. Cornol declares to be not nearly sufficient, a declaration which he supports by numerous instances of suspended animation, showing that he has good ground for his opinion that a large number of persons are annually buried alive in France. No subject would provide a more ghastly theme for the pen than this, and there is a fascination about it against which men like Edgar Poe have not been proof.

The whole question is in itself sufficiently striking, but a dramatic effect was produced in the Senate when the matter was brought before that body, such as very few assemblies in the world have had an opportunity of witnessing — an effect which might have appeared in one of the elder Dumas's more dashing and improbable novels, but would certainly up to this time have been held to be scarcely legitimate in ordinary works of fiction. M. de la Guéronnière, in presenting the report, argued against the petition, and proposed to shelve it by the technical motion to proceed with the order of the day. Thereupon his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux rose and expressed his dissent from the Viscomte's conclusion. In the first place, he declared that the precautionary regulations of the law were very frequently evaded in practice, but the strength of his argument was that even if strictly carried out they were wholly insufficient. He had himself, while yet a *cure*, saved several lives about to be sacrificed to the indecent haste of survivors. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to perfect health. Another man, of advanced years, had been already put in the coffin, and yet lived for twelve hours after. Moreover, he had performed in his own person a miracle such as would have given him a good chance of becoming a canonized saint had he lived in the Middle Ages, when people believed in the

continuance of miraculous power. He had seen the body of a young lady laid out for dead, the attendants covering the face as he entered, but allowing him to observe so much as convinced him that the maiden was not dead but slept. Thereupon, with a loud voice (how Scripturally it runs), he cried out that he was come to save her. He adjured her to feel convinced that by an effort she could shake of the lethargy which oppressed her, and could return to life. His voice reached her numbed sensations, she made the effort, and has lived to be a wife and mother. This very remarkable account throws light upon the miracles of early times. Thus when Empedocles, the philosopher, got the credit of restoring to life a deceased woman (see the story told by Diogenes, Laertius, and others), there can be little doubt that the person whom he saved was suffering under one of the various forms of *coma* to which all nations have given so many different names, and to which we ourselves in common parlance, rightly or wrongly, do the same. It is as well to add, in passing, that although this remark might apply equally well to the case of the damsel whom the words "Talitha Kumi" brought back to life, that miracle was only one out of a very large number, to the majority of which no such explanation could apply.

But his Eminence had a more striking instance to adduce. A young priest fell down dead, as it was supposed, while preaching in a crowded church on a sultry day, about forty years ago. The funeral bell was tolled, the doctor came and examined him in the perfunctory official style, much in the same way as the two inspectors at Hull examined the fatal 600 head of diseased cattle in three hours and a half, and certified that he was dead, all in the dead man's full hearing. Then came the measuring for the coffin, the *De Profundis* recited by Episcopal lips, accompanied by the intense agony of one who was conscious of the preparations that were being made for his own burial. At length some one present spoke, whose voice the dead man had known and loved from very early years. A chord was touched which galvanized the frame, the corpse rose up, and became once more a living soul. Such stories are to be found in many story-books, and probably few of the Archbishop's audience were not familiar with something of the kind as the result of their reading at an age when the marvellous and the horrible have a peculiar fascination for the mind. But there was something in the

speaker's manner which led them to suppose that it was no ordinary tale that was being told in their presence, and they hung upon his further words:—"That young priest, gentlemen, is the same who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

It is satisfactory, really, to run such a story to earth. We have never felt quite clear about the truth of the dreadful stories that are told of facts observed, and the horrible suggestions of unknown terrors to which these facts give rise. Every one has heard of the lady whose ring tempted a servant to violate her tomb, and even to endeavour to bite off the finger from which it refused to be drawn, the shock of which brought back the dead woman to life and consciousness. And there is that ghastly scene where corpses are laid out in full dress, with wires in their hands connected with bells, so that the smallest motion of the muscles would summon an attendant. And a tale is told of a corpse suddenly rising up from the bed on which it was laid out, terrifying the watcher so that she fled half-fainting, and the reanimated body was left without assistance and once more died, this time completely. The horrors of being buried alive are so manifest and manifold that it is almost unnecessary to point out how such a death has been reserved as a punishment for the direst offences only. Vestal virgins with broken vows and nuns convicted of unchastity are among the most ordinary examples, their offence being held to be the most heinous conceivable under the peculiar circumstances of their position. And the ancient Goths, *teste* Blackstone, quoting Fleta, buried or burned alive indiscriminately for a peculiar crime, *peccatum, illud horribile inter Christianos non nominandum*, as the reticence of the English law styled it in indictments. Calmet, in his dictionary, states that so did the Jews, and in the earliest edition of his work is an engraving of the procedure, among those horrible engravings of ten or twelve sorts of punishment inflicted by that nation, of which many remain even in the latter editions, such as putting under harrows of iron, and scraping with claws of iron, and hurling from the tops of towers. Nay, so lately as the year 1460, a very barbarous period, the punishment of burying alive was inflicted in France upon a woman named

Perrete Manger, who had been convicted of many larcenies and was buried alive, by order of the Maire D'Estouteville, before the gibbet in Paris. So at least the "Chronique Scandaleux" says in one of its opening paragraphs, though an English version of that curious piece of history reads *burned alive for enfouye toute vive*. And at Ensbury, in Dorset, there is a tradition that many years ago a man was put quick into the earth as a punishment, buried up to the neck, a guard preventing any from rescuing or feeding him till death relieved him. The Irish rebel, Shane O'Neil, used to get right after drinking himself drunk with usquebaugh by a like process, being placed upright in a pit and covered with earth to his shoulders, by which means, says Holinshed, his body, being "extremely inflamed and distempered, was recovered to some temperature."

There are several very remarkable instances, or supposed instances, of burial during suspended animation to be met with in history. One of those which attracted great attention long ago was that of Duns Scotus, known as the subtle. Bacon has given the story of his death an existence among us by stating that Scotus was buried while suffering from a fit to which he was subject, in the absence of his servant and of all who knew that such fits were periodical with him. The story, as told by Abrahamus Bzovius, is to the effect that when his servant returned, he at once declared that his master had been buried alive; and on opening the vault, the corpse in *gradibus mausolei devoratis manibus reperiunt fuisse*, which it is as well not to construe. The Brother Lucas Waddingus, in the third book of his *Annals*, argues, much to his own satisfaction, that this could not possibly have been the case, and for the sake of the Subtle Doctor we are fain to agree with him. The same sort of story is told of Boniface VIII., the enemy of Philip of France, though, in the hands of the fiercer Ghibellines, it took the form of determined suicide. The old annals state that being buried alive *extrema mausum devorasse, et caput ad parietem elisisse*; but in Tosti's *Life* it is stated that, at the exhumation of the body, more than 300 years after (Boniface VIII. died in 1303), it was found whole, without any marks of violence. The most dreadful story of all is that of the Emperor Zeno Isaurus, so famous by reason of his Henoticon, who was subject to attacks of *coma*, and while undergoing one of these attacks was put in the mausoleum by his wife, Ariadne, and kept shut up

there till he died, although his cries could be plainly heard by the attendants. He was found, when they opened the sepulchre, *suis ipsius lacertis, et caligis quas gestabat comestis*. It is evident, from comparatively ancient and from modern history alike, that the possibility of persons being buried alive has always been before men's minds, and the French Senate has wisely determined to consider the petition of Dr. Cornol.

From the Spectator.

BREAKFAST.

BREAKFAST has been a good deal neglected in the literature of gastronomy. The little publication just issued by Mr. Bentley, and edited by some dreadful person who actually gives a receipt for dressed crab as a morning dish, is, we think, the first which has appeared in English devoted exclusively to the early meal. The true gourmand indeed we fancy rather despises breakfast as a mere arrangement for taking sustenance, lacking entirely that trace of science, and sub-flavour of art, and delicate aroma of conviviality which, by the consent of civilized mankind in all countries, attach themselves to dinner. The contempt is probably instinctive, for the Australian black in his natural state eats his early handful of gum or fat insects standing, and squats at ease only when the half-raw opossum is ready for the afternoon enjoyment, but it has been deepened by civilization till breakfast has passed out of the hands of the gastronome into those of the doctor. One feeds oneself, and it is not on feeding that literary cooks can be tempted to display the full resources of their art. In France, indeed, where enjoyment is cultivated as a science, and the nasty compromise between breakfast and dinner called lunch, — a meal where one has all the trouble of dining and none of its compensations, where a chop is considered meat, and housewives are not ashamed of hash, and fat porter is substituted for claret, — is unusual, breakfast has been the subject of some care. But then wine is taken at breakfast in France, and the faint odour of refined enjoyment which has always lingered around wine attaches itself even to the breakfast with which it is consumed. There is a possibility of art, of an awakening of the mind, even in some rare instances of a tepid good-fellowship.

In India, where coolness is the one source of comfort, where sitting in a draught is Elysium, and iced water raises your spirits, and coffee really stimulates, and the chance of cold meat is a separate and infrequent luxury, and breakfast may be as elaborate as dinner without costing a farthing or an exertion, social breakfasting is a recognized habit. In England, however, the meal is eminently one of utility alone. In very good houses you eat it in solitude, or with your wife, at the hour which suits yourself — an arrangement specially designed to make good-fellowship intrusive, and among the middle classes business begins too early. Half of us want to be doing something at ten, and a meal at half-past nine, to be eaten while you are still chilled through, cannot therefore receive much attention. A cut of meat and a cup of coffee is considered sufficient, and often too much, for Englishmen rise too late really to enjoy eating before mid-day. Not that we mean to say anything in praise of early rising. The man who asserts in a climate like this that it is a virtue to get up at six, and looks at you suspiciously, as doubting your moral fibre, because you get up at ten, ought to be made to wear a hair shirt, or shave with cold water, or use "mottled" soap, or complete his theory of life by some other needless but self-exalting form of physical self-denial. But still the early riser, unpleasant person as he usually is, has the compensation of hunger, which his more self-indulgent friend has not. We have known houses where simplicity was carried much farther than this, where, though dinner was good, breakfast was utterly neglected, the women ate bread and butter, and the men were considered well fed if they got fresh eggs and little scraps of red meat, supposed by courtesy to be bacon. Such contempt for humanity is, however, we are happy to say, becoming rare, and were the question of breakfast only studied with the keenness, ardour, and purity of purpose displayed on the greater question of dinner, would speedily be extinct. Of course any real reform on the point must arise from a development of the inward consciousness, a cultivation of the latent conscience of the stomach, but a good deal of external aid can be gained from Mr. Bentley's little brochure. Its editor has made that one huge mistake about crab — as if one should begin breakfast with soup — but we have not discovered a second impiety of the kind, and his views upon omelettes are at once orthodox and expansive. There is a little hint about the impropriety of turning

omelettes in the frying pan which marks a refined mind, and he has the taste to place the true omelette before those over improved confections in which the first quality of the dish, its croquancy, is destroyed by the intrusion of foreign and comparatively gritty substances.

Before breakfast can assume its proper place among the subjects of art it is necessary to decide what its central idea should be, and not only the central idea, but the central idea applicable to England. Bearing in mind that such of our countrymen as are capable of distinguishing between eating and feeding, who would describe "skilley," for instance, as food, but not as breakfast, are people who will not waste morning time, the idea of breakfast should, we think, be the provision which best fortifies men for the labour of a long day. Women need not be considered, for they get a good mid-day meal, which is to them not unpleasant, for the children are about, and there is an interval between household supervision and visiting, and by a beneficent provision of nature they are exempt from the temptations of gourmandise. Few women worth a straw care a straw what they eat, and as few men do not care. To the last day of their lives the best and cleverest women will eat the horrid imitations of sponge called buns, and for those who can eat buns with a relish gastronomy is an impertinence. The object is to qualify men for work, and breakfast therefore must consist mainly of eatable solids cold. Not to speak of household convenience, hot meats, and in a less degree even hot fish, require wine, or they leave an unpleasant film upon the palate, and early wine is, on the whole, among a race of industrials living in a chilly climate a mistake. If at all strong it slightly diminishes business keenness and activity, and if very weak leaves neither the warmth which comes of fully satisfied appetite, nor the keenness which slight hunger fosters in city-bred men. The French feel that, and qualify wine and water by a *petit verre* of brandy, — the most dangerous habit into which an Englishman can fall. For those who live habitually in the open air beer may possibly be healthy, and it certainly did not hurt our ancestors, but with the majority of their weakly descendants the habit either produces corpulence or a permanent irritability and sense of unrest. The instinct which has led men to milder liquors swallowed hot is, we believe, sound, tea being injurious only to the sedentary, cocoa only to the fat, and coffee in the morning to nobody, while

the heat relieves the faint chill which in this climate a man who has not walked before breakfast is at breakfast sure to feel for nine months in the year. An instinct has in this matter come to the aid of science, but then people who respect their stomachs should draw the obvious deduction from their instincts, and taking mild liquors hot, should take their solids cold. Fried bacon under that rule stands prohibited, and eggs are only allowed hot because no Englishman ever thinks of eating them cold — except when laid by plovers — or has the faintest idea of the kind of “confection” into which the cold yolk of a hard-boiled egg could by a little art be turned. Of solids meat and bread are of course the best, vegetables being forbidden, first, because they ought to be eaten the moment they are ready, and punctuality at breakfast is an abominable oppression; secondly, because the smell of all vegetables haunts a house; and thirdly, because, except the potato, they do not really strengthen, and breakfast is the doctor’s meal. Every variety of cold meat, cold game, potted meat, potted game, potted fish, and those things which though meats, are not usually called meat, tongue, brawn, boar’s head, pickled poultry — a luxury absurdly neglected — and ham, are good for the higher objects of breakfast. The best are probably the potted things, and meats which are not meat, because they tempt men to eat bread, the best of all food, and for two reasons too much avoided by the well-to-do. They learn to like flavour, and bread by itself is very flavourless, and it is the custom in England to bake bread in the worst possible way, in such masses that the body of the loaf is a soft, spongy, white mass, very little more edible than a bun. Very good wives will let their husbands “peel the loaf,” but even they will not let anybody else, and so the poor men who would eat crust, *i. e.*, good wheat flour properly baked, are forced either to eat flour half raw or abandon the bread for solid meat. Puddings of all kind are an abomination, and Mr. Bentley’s editor ought to be ashamed of himself for inserting them in his list. Indeed he is ashamed of them, for the chapter headed “Puddings” is filled with receipts for meat, cheeses, and the peculiarly nasty agglomeration of chopped meat screwed in little bags of entrail called sausages. Cheese is banished from English breakfast-tables, though retained in Holland and some parts of Italy, and its exclusion seems to be based upon nothing more important than a passing fashion. Of lighter things the *entrees* of

the breakfast, eggs are the commonest, prawns, sardines, pickled palates, omelettes, cresses, and caviare are perhaps the best, and a great deal more might be done with the roes of different fish, the sounds of cod, and fish pickled in oil, than has yet been attempted. People are so unenterprising that we doubt if dried mango fish, the Indian delicacy, are procurable in London, and American cranberries, the one “jam” a man may consider it no disgrace to like, never seem to pass through Liverpool. Hot buttered toast, buttered rolls, and soft buttered biscuits are all mistakes, partly for the reasons which should exclude hot meat, and partly from the fact that half-baked flour heated and drowned in butter makes the eater heavy for the day. Fruit is incomparably better at breakfast than at any other time, though so rarely seen in England, where, having the best fruit in the world, we studiously preserve it for the exact moment when we do not want it, and when its flavour spoils that of the wine. We have seen human beings eat strawberries and cream with Lafitte. A little fresh fruit is at breakfast a perfect digester, but in truth it is useless writing about fruit. Englishmen never will know anything about it, except how to grow the best fruits in the world. Nothing in the world comes near the brown greengage, but between the perversity of public taste and the indifference of the Duke of Bedford, who ought to be offered the alternative of quadrupling Covent Garden or attending the House every night for a twelvemonth, a real dish of greengages, a heaped dish, with six or eight dozens of the fruit in it, costs as much as half a dozen of champagne. Fruit should not be eaten in ones, but in masses, as the Americans eat it, and it would be, did not London set the fashion, while labouring under a monopoly which absolutely forbids even reasonable competition. The idea of breakfast in fact should be cold solids and bread flavoured with prepared meat, and within these limits it is possible, as Mr. Bentley’s book shows, to secure an almost infinite variety, and to compose a breakfast almost as carefully as a dinner. With three or four alternatives — say ham, cold chicken, potted fish, brawn, sardines, and perhaps mushrooms alone hot, the joint cold, tea, coffee, and cocoa — the last injuriously neglected, owing chiefly to an idea current among cooks that it can be made with water, whereas water should never go near it — even an Englishman may rise to his opportunities, and perceive that though the primary idea of breakfast must

always be the vulgar one of food, still due dignity may by art be secured to its position among meals. If the alternatives seem too many, they can be reduced without injury to the great principle, and a slice of the joint, an egg, and a little potted meat or anchovy paste will yield a breakfast sufficient to secure the last of the requisites we intend to suggest.

This is the capacity for eating a considerable meal. There is no time at which the average Englishman really needs a good supply of food so much as at breakfast. At dinner he is exhausted with the day, and wants succulent things and soups, and above all wine—food which gets into the blood quickly, yet which will not destroy his evening by sending him to sleep. But at breakfast he has not eaten for fourteen hours, and if he shares the antipathy we have expressed to lunch, will not eat again for nine more, and he has really to find fuel for the whole of his most active existence. He wants, or ought to want, a large meal, and we believe great breakfast-eaters are invariably healthy men. Their frames are never exhausted, or tempted to prey on themselves, and make the nerves do the duty of the tissues, like the bodies of those who considers it sound hygiene to fritter away an appetite on tea and toast. They are incurable, for at heart they regard gastronomy as Dr. Colenso regards the Pentateuch, and must be given up, as Archbishops give up that unfortunate prelate; but to the faithful we may still suggest that the hygienic meal of the day—the one to be based most strictly on scientific data, is the one which Englishmen hitherto have most neglected, and in which perhaps only Scotchmen and Anglo-Indians perfectly succeed.

From the Spectator.

THE REALISM OF DESERT ISLANDS.*

CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE, who has tried it, is no admirer of desert-island romance. Indeed he speaks bitterly of it. When he had been trying it for some fifteen months, he writes, "The sea booms and the wind howls. These are sounds which have been

almost constantly ringing in my ears for the last fifteen months, for during the whole of this time I venture to say that they have not been hushed more than a fortnight together. There is something horribly dismal in this boom and howl; sometimes it makes my flesh creep to hear them, although I am now so well used to it. *Had the romantic admirers of this sort of thing been in my place, I would have been thankful; and they, I have no doubt, would have been quite satisfied. I would not wish my greatest enemy to have been similarly situated.*" But then it must be admitted that Captain Musgrave's desert island was not quite of the sort that we used to wish for. In the first place it was a very wet desert island, where it rained almost all the year round, and there is something exceedingly damping, not only to the skin, but to the heroic imagination, about getting wet through habitually. In the next place, it was a very hungry desert island, where you could gather nothing of importance to satisfy your hunger in the shape of fruits or roots, and where seal-meat was the only nutriment commonly procurable, and that by no means in abundance when once the seals got notice of the seal-eating habits of the new inhabitants. Now hunger become habitual is a prosaic and disagreeable condition of body, and seal-meat, except when very young and tender, is coarse, oily, and rather rancid. In the third place, the mosquitoes, or rather sand-flies, bit intolerably all the year round, very nearly as badly when the thermometer was six or seven degrees below the freezing point as in the so-called summer. Now the irritation arising from the bites of sand-flies is a very great hindrance to romance, as anybody who has lived on the sea shore in a tropical climate very well knows. Such were the positive hindrances to any of the joys of Crusoeism, if any such there are. On the other hand, there was the constant craving to get away, to know how those at home were bearing their anxiety, and whether they would send to succour them — (the destination of the shipwrecked party was known, and Captain Musgrave had expressly told his Australian friends, that he feared shipwreck much more on the coast of the Auckland islands when he had reached them for sealing purposes, than he did any mischance in the open sea) — and in short, all those terrible "searchings of heart" which constitute to imaginative readers part of the romantic fascinations of Crusoe stories, though we do not suppose they are of the same nature to actual ad-

**Castaway on the Auckland Isles. A Narrative of the Wreck of the Grafton, and of the Escape of the Crew after Twenty Months' Suffering; from the Private Journal of Captain Thomas Musgrave.* Edited by John J. Shillinglaw, F. R. G. S. London: Lockwood and Co.

venturers. One of the romantic class of adventurers with whom Captain Musgrave kindly wishes to exchange places would probably have been a good deal disappointed in not discovering more novelties on the island. A genuine Crusoe ought undoubtedly to find some new source of wealth and consolation every week or so; new varieties of food; new animals capable of being tamed and used; perhaps now and then a trace of savages to inspire terror; and now and then a distant sail to inspire hope. But none of these varieties of circumstance came to break the monotony of Captain Musgrave's captivity. He found indeed that there were wild dogs in the island, probably left there, or their progenitors left there, by the crew of some former shipwreck, and that there were also cats in the island, one of which they half tamed, the cats of course being at internecine war with the dogs. But these, except the seals and a few birds, called by the captain widgeons, were nearly the only live creatures, and the vegetable products of the island seem to have been singularly few and poor. Then the walking through the bushy swamps was singularly exhausting, and the sailing on the gulfs and inland bays was so precarious, owing to the constant and tremendous gales, that locomotion was difficult, and life on the island was assuredly an embarrassed existence.

Captain Musgrave and his men bore their compulsory romance with a highly creditable fortitude. It was well for them that the captain and his mate, Mr. Raynal, retained sufficient moral authority over the three men, even after the wreck, to keep the society together. When the captain and his mate and one of the men finally escaped in a boat, too small and unsafe to carry all five, leaving two alone together on the island for five weeks to wait for their return, the society (consisting of two) was dissolved into its elements, and on Captain Musgrave's return he found that the two men left together had quarrelled so much that they were on the point of separating, to live absolutely alone for the remainder of their imprisonment. In spite of the need of combination for the war against nature, — they had been very near starving, — the selfish repulsions had developed so tremendously after the removal of the slight social authority of the captain and mate, that the two men had agreed to be really solitary rather than have *only* each other's society. The captain and Mr. Raynal (the mate) of course ceased to have any legal authority directly the vessel went

to pieces, but their moral superiority to the others was fortunately not as shortlived as their legal authority. Both were good and brave and ingenious men. The captain directed amidst circumstances of great difficulty — the whole party had to stand all day up to their middle in water, with the thermometer near to the freezing point — the hauling up of the old wreck on the beach, and the examination of her bottom to see if they could make her seaworthy. When this was found impossible, they set to work on the ship's boat to raise her sides, and make her altogether more seaworthy. The boat was only a dingy, and very rickety. By hard and combined work they made her a little more fit for an open-sea voyage in a sea remarkable for the terrible character of its gales. Mr. Raynal was something of a blacksmith, and made one hundred and eighty clinch bolts and above seven hundred nails out of the iron of the old vessel. To do this he worked at his anvil often far into the night, and the three men appear to have worked under his and the captain's directions with praiseworthy assiduity. The captain also taught the men to read, which they were very eager to learn. The value of this moral authority was curiously illustrated by the inability of the two men, — who were in the most admirable situation conceivable for illustrating theories of liberty, fraternity, and equality, — to hold together when the attraction of cohesion provided by the presence of their superiors in intelligence and culture was removed.

Captain Musgrave himself is evidently from his journal a man of very strong feelings, both religious and domestic, which are very simply and often well expressed from day to day. There is in him a touch of boyish admiration for sentiments not nearly as strong as his own, but expressed with a little more glow of fancy, — a sort of admiration far from uncommon in strong practical men little conversant with literature. Take, for instance, this mention of "the one consolation remaining to him" when he had passed about half the term of his imprisonment: —

"I have still one consolation remaining, in those beautiful words of Thomas Moore: —

'Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright gems of the past which she cannot destroy;

That come in the night-time of sorrow and care,

And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long may my heart with such mem'ries
 be filled
 Like a vase in which roses have once been
 distilled.
 You may break, you may ruin the vase as you
 will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it
 still."

The worthy sailor had set down at least fifty times in his journal feelings far deeper and consolations far stronger than this; but in spite of his contempt for those who liked the "romance" of Crusoeism, it is obvious that there was a romantic spot in his own mind, which clung to the idea of his heart being like a vase filled with rose-leaves, as a glorifying consideration amidst those rancid seal-meat dinners, and that generally weary, hopeless, laborious, and squalid existence.

The most amusing part of the volume is the account of the seals and their habits. It is evident that there is an opportunity for an improvement in the instincts or habits of seals, which would give any variety of seal adopting it a very great advantage over the present species in "the conflict for existence." Captain Musgrave thus describes the certainly at present very ill-organized methods of physical and mental education pursued by the maternal seals towards their young:—

"In the latter part of December, and during the whole of January, they are on shore a great deal, and go wandering separately through the bush (or woods), and into the long grass on the sides of the mountains above the bush, constantly bellowing out in a most dismal manner. They are undoubtedly looking for a place suitable for calving in; I have known them to go to a distance of more than a mile from the water for this purpose. Their voice is exceedingly powerful, and in calm weather may be heard to the almost incredible distance of four and a half or five miles. Why they bellow so much before calving, I am scarcely able to judge; but after that event, which does not take place until after the first of February, it is undoubtedly to call their young, which they generally get into the water a few days after they are born, and assemble them in great numbers at some particular place, selecting such places as a small island or a neck of land with a narrow junction. This, no doubt, prevents them from getting straggled about and lost, as they do sometimes in the bush; while in these places they cannot very well get away without going into the water, to which, when very young, they have a great antipathy. The means employed by the cow of getting her young into the water for the first time, and taking it to a place of safety, is when witnessed highly amusing. It might be supposed that these animals, even when young, would readily go into the

water—that being one of their natural instincts—but strange to say such is not the case; it is only with the greatest difficulty, and a wonderful display of patience, that the mother succeeds in getting her young in for the first time. I have known a cow to be three days getting her calf down half a mile, and into the water; and what is most surprising of all, it cannot swim when it is in the water. This is the most amusing fact; the mother gets it on to her back, and swims along very gently on the top of the water; but the poor little thing is bleating all the time, and continually falling from its slippery position, when it will splutter about in the water precisely like a little boy who gets beyond his depth and cannot swim. Then the mother gets underneath it, and it again gets on to her back. Thus they go on, the mother frequently giving an angry bellow, the young one constantly bleating and crying, frequently falling off, spluttering, and getting on again; very often getting a slap from the flipper of the mother, and sometimes she gives it a very cruel bite. The poor little animals are very often seen with their skins pierced and lacerated in the most frightful manner. In this manner they go on until they have made their passage to whatever place she wishes to take the young one to; sometimes they are very numerous at these places, their numbers being daily augmented until the latter end of March. Here the young remain without going into the water again, for perhaps a month, when they will begin to go in of their own accord; but at first they will only play about the edge, venturing farther by degrees; and until they are three months old, if surprised in the water, they will immediately run on shore and hide themselves; but they always keep their heads out, and their eyes fixed on the party who has surprised them, imploring mercy in the most eloquent language that can be communicated by these organs."

Now cows that go to calve so far from the sea, and that take the young ones back to the sea before they are any better inclined to swim than babies would be, must clearly be under a great disadvantage in the conflict for existence with a variety that should succeed in calving near the water, and have young ones with earlier propensities to swim, and not requiring so much severe chastising for falling off their mothers' backs. And should some (so-called) accidental variety spring up in which either of these two ill-advised habits should be wanting, we suppose their race would soon get a start over the decidedly clumsy race of seals with whom Captain Musgrave made acquaintance. Mothers of all species are apt to be guilty of works of supererogation towards their young,—supererogation both in tenderness and slaps,—but we have seldom heard of mothers apparently more disposed to works of supererogation than Cap-

tain Musgrave's cow seals. Perhaps, however, he would prefer the kind which he used for the purposes of shipwrecked mariners. Disagreeable as the old seal-meat always was, he speaks with a kind of rapture of the young calf seal-meat as quite equal to lamb. And no doubt they might have found it more difficult sometimes to obtain such a delicacy, but for the painful and embarrassing etiquette which obliged the maternal seals to produce their calves a long way from the sea, in order that they might have the difficulty of getting them down to it.

From the Spectator.

THE SCENERY OF THE SKIES.

THE publication of Mr. Lockyer's admirable translation of M. Amédée Guillemin's splendidly illustrated handbook of popular astronomy, * is quite an era in the art of popularizing that most exciting of sciences. We have only to complain of the physical magnitude of this edition, which is so considerable that we are not quite sure whether it may not be a visible object, or what astronomers call a *test-object*, to lunarian astronomers. At all events, if the publisher had sent us an easel fitted with a reading-frame, by which to adapt it to the mechanical and optical conditions of humanity, he would certainly have put it more within the reach of invalids. Seriously speaking, in any new edition it should at least be broken up into two volumes. The mechanical fatigue of holding the book, certainly absorbs a considerable portion of the nervous energy needed to enter into the brilliant pictures summoned up by its contents. Nevertheless no book has ever been published calculated in an equal degree to realize the different astronomical spectacles of the Heavens to the mind of an ordinary reader.

The most curious point which strikes us in considering the external scenery of the skies as it could be seen at least by human eyes, is that in all parts both of our own solar system and of other systems, so far as we can infer anything concerning them from telescopic observation, the grandest stations for obtaining knowledge of what is going on in the Heavens, and also for the multiplicity and gorgeousness of the spectacles there

visible, are the *subordinate* stations, the stations on planets being the only ones probably from which astronomy could be studied at all, and the stations on planets' planets, that is on satellites, being usually far superior in the variety and splendour of their astronomical phenomena to those on the planets themselves. Professor Whewell, as is well known, made ingenious use of the peculiar characteristic of central suns, — the probable intensity of light and also of heat in which they exist, and the certainty that if they are habitable at all by any beings like those of earth, it can only be through the interposition of some very thick atmosphere or cloud-envelope between the external envelope of fire and the nucleus of the sun, which would of course be a veil through which sight could hardly penetrate, — to argue that the earth may be really the only inhabited body in the whole physical universe. For if all the glorious myriads of visible bodies, he argued, are clearly unfit for physical beings, it requires very much less effort to believe that the vast majority of secondary or planetary bodies are not so either, a conclusion which he tried to confirm with respect to the planetary bodies of our own system by first depopulating the moon on account of its no-atmosphere, and then finding fault with Venus and Mercury as being too hot, with Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the others as being too cold, and probably also too fluid, for the dwelling-place of creatures with bodies at all like our own. We confess the argument has always seemed to us at once arrogant and feeble. But we may adopt thus much of it pretty safely, — that self-luminous bodies are not likely to be good stations for observing (with any eyes like our own) other self-luminous bodies, and that even of those which only reflect light, the attendants on greater bodies have special advantages over those greater bodies themselves, for nearly the same reason for which the disciple has a special happiness denied to his master, for which Boswell has a grander constant spectacle before him than Johnson, or Eckermann than Goethe.

Thus even our own moon, in many respects very inferior in advantages to the satellites of the more distant planets, must, if she have astronomers at all, — astronomers without lungs they must be, at least on the hither side of the moon, — have far more splendid astronomical opportunities for them than we can get for the best of our astronomers, even on the Peak of Teneriffe. We do not insist upon the want of atmosphere, — in itself an immense advantage for star-gazing,

* Bentley.

which enables the lunarians to see the stars even at midday, and disposes of all the annoyance of unseasonable clouds and of "the error of refraction," — for perhaps few satellites except our own are without atmosphere, and there is plausibility in the argument that the absence of atmosphere, and consequently of all water or fluid, involves a difference of constitution of such magnitude as to defeat all imagination as to the nature of the lunarians' organization. But look only at the incentives to astronomy which the lunarians would have, if they exist at all, in having an earthlight, in the absence of the sun, fourteen times as splendid as our moonlight, and, moreover, one which begins, to inhabitants of this side of the moon, to grow as sunlight fades, and to diminish as sunlight begins, an advantage which we have not, since our time of diurnal revolution is so much shorter than that of the moon's that we often have nights without moonlight, while their long fortnight of darkness is — upon the near side of the moon — never without earthlight. Then what an incentive to astronomical observation would be the different astronomical phenomena of the two sides of the moon, — the one which is turned away from the earth never seeing the great earthlight at all, but having always a fortnight of uninterrupted night between the visits of the sun! About 350 hours of continuous possibility of astronomical observation every fortnight, without liability to clouds or mists of any kind, on both sides of the moon, and an enormous lamp fourteen times the size of our moon, hung on one side to attract observation by its brilliant phases throughout the long night, would certainly seem to be wonderful advantages for the astronomer. Yet the moon is one of the least remarkable points of observation among the satellites of our system. The nearest satellite of Jupiter (about the size of our moon) for instance, has in that planet a moon *not* 14 times the magnitude, of our moon, but 320 times that magnitude, which is a light always waxing or waning during its night of not more than about 21 to 22 hours. Besides this it has frequently the light of the other three subordinate moons, all of which must be very brilliant when not at their greatest distance from it, and the frequent occultations or eclipses of the other satellites by each other and by the huge planet itself, which must occur so constantly as to acquire the sort of value as a measure of time which the motion of the hands of a clock have for us. Hence the variety of brilliant astronomical phenomena occurring in the

Jovian system is far greater and more exciting, especially to an inhabitant of one of the satellites, than is easy for us to conceive. Imagine 320 moons crowded together in one sky — dimly lit as *we* should think, it is true, but as brilliantly lit in relation to the sunlight there as our moon is in relation to sunlight here — and this huge moon eclipsing almost every night one or more of three lesser moons, none of these insignificant, and we may imagine how much earlier the beings in Jupiter's satellites, if even as intelligent as ancient Egyptians, must have been provoked to study and systematize the motions of this great illuminated clock, with its one mighty hand and three little ones, — than the inhabitants of earth.

But even they had no incentive to astronomy to compare with observers, if observers there are, upon one of the rings or satellites of Saturn. It is true indeed that if the new theory as to the rings of Saturn have any foundation, a station on the rings of Saturn cannot be eligible to any person possessed of delicate chronometers, transit instruments, or other valuable astronomical weapons. For if it be true that the rings are nothing but mobs of satellites jostling each other in all directions, rushing like billiard-balls in pursuit of each other, now overtaking and running down a minor world, now overtaken and run down by a huge one, — then, no doubt, our Astronomer Royal would respectfully decline to permit the use even of his least valuable instruments in such an observatory as that, and Messrs. Cooke, the instrument-makers, would shut up shop there at once. But this is not true of the nearest of the satellites, Mimas; and there are now believed to be some quite solitary members of the mobs of satellites of which the rings are composed, on the edges, interior and exterior, of each ring, which would be safe and most instructive situations for an observatory. To an observer in such a satellite on the interior edge of the interior ring, the spectacle of Saturn as a huge half-moon occupying *one-eighth* of the whole vault of heaven, must be inexpressibly magnificent. Such an observer would of course see only half the planet, — the half above his own situation in the plane of the ring; but as he would rotate round this huge planet in little more than ten hours, instead of taking a whole month to do it, like our moon, he would see in about five hours this enormous half-crescent swelling into a half-moon, and then in five hours more diminishing again into invisibility. To aid the conception, imagine only seeing from St. Paul's a half-moon that should cover a whole

eighth of the visible vault, — stretching over the sky so as to cover (say) the whole heavens behind and above the river, through all the reaches from Vauxhall Bridge to the Thames Tunnel, — and seeing it grow so rapidly that in five hours it increased from a mere brilliant line, the arc of a quadrant on the horizon, to such a mighty plain of light as this, and then dwindled again at the same rate. Moreover across this vast surface of light you would see the mighty belt of shadow cast by the rings, as the tourist on the Brocken sees his own gigantic shadow on the western clouds at break of day. And such an observer, when his mighty moon was setting and his own day coming, would almost invariably have to forego a large part of it, owing to the necessary solar eclipse which the great shadow of the planet would inflict upon him as he came round to face the sun. Then, if you suppose him to be at the same time a witness of the terrible game at bowls which is supposed to be the permanent condition of Saturn's rings, and which might make Rip van Winkle himself tremble, we may easily conceive that the astronomical phenomena with which we are acquainted are child's play to those witnessed by the astronomers of the Saturnian rings. There are besides eight outside moons, their phases, and their eclipses by the planet, to observe, in addition to the mighty planetary moon and its rings; and the nearest to Saturn of these outside moons passes round the outer ring so rapidly that its motion minute by minute is more visible than that of the minute hand of a watch. Of all such marvels, M. Amédée Guillemin and his gorgeous illustrations give us a far more vivid conception than any popular handbook of astronomy known to us.

Nor is it only in our own system that the subordinate situations seem to have so great an advantage in astronomical opportunities, and variety of phenomena, over the central ones. There are other systems of which the book which has suggested this article

tells us, in which planetary astronomers must have far more curious and complicated phenomena to observe, than any known to us even by inference. Take, for instance, the case of double or even triple stars, or suns, of different colours revolving round their common centre of gravity. On a planet of any one of these, you might have in one part of its course orange days, in another red, in another blue, — in another perhaps two or even three distinct dawns, — a yellow sun's dawn, a red sun's dawn, and a blue sun's dawn, the three colours blending when all were above the horizon, and making a yellowish white light; then on the setting (say) of the blue sun, leaving a yellowish crimson day, and on the setting of the yellow sun, a purely crimson daylight. In such a planet the nights would be of course rarely more than evening, as all three suns could hardly be invisible together. But, what a variety of shades of feeling and association would be produced by the multiplicity of lights and combinations of light under which the landscapes of such a planet would be seen! Probably every additional external aid to the discrimination of seasons and periods would produce a new complexity of intellectual organization, and a planet with changes so various, with such cross-lights and cross-shadows of different colours, would, in all probability, have wholly different genera and species of plants and animals from those of worlds in which the great agency of light is uniform. To such a world we can imagine that Turner may have gone to receive, in addition to the one talent which his profound study of our poor colours had multiplied into ten, ten talents more. But the magnificence of the celestial scenery which such books as these suggest is far too great for the dimensions of any newspaper article, and we must leave our readers to refer to the magnificent work we have noticed, for hints of celestial scenery even more various and wonderful than any we have attempted to describe.

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our Thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

BOCKUM DOLLS BONNETED.

"BERLIN, FEB. 22 (AFTERNOON).

"COUNT VON BISMARCK has just communicated to the Chamber of Deputies a Royal decree, ordering both Houses of the Diet to be closed to-morrow, and to remain adjourned until the end of the present session."

For years to try a weighty cause

Opinion's Court has sat :

In "BISMARCK *versus* BOCKUM DOLLS,"

Or "Helmet against Hat."

Opinion braved, and Law laid low,

Not fearing revolution,

Now BISMARCK with a swashing blow

Bonnets the Constitution !

The Chamber will not vote supplies ;

BISMARCK can tax without it :

The Chamber duly will protest,

BISMARCK, as duly, flout it.

TWESTEN and FREZEL may talk big,

BISMARCK has courts to catch them ;

The Chamber may claim rights of speech,

But rights of fist o'ermatch them.

"Protest ? Your protest we return ;

The King won't even read it :

Flare up ? Tall talk we laugh to scorn,

While out of doors none heed it.

Though BOCKUM DOLLS puts on his hat,

His bell though GRABOW tinkles,

Will it wake Prussia from her sleep,

As deep as RIP VAN WINKLE'S ?

"*Vogue la Galère!* Brute-force is King,

In a drill-sergeant bodied :

The strong battalions are ours,

And Might, not Right, our Godhead :

We have an army at our back,

You but a host of dreamers,

So let your Parliament go pack,

And ware strappado, schemers !

"You prate of England — of the fate

Of STRAFFORD and of STUART !

Ere she breeds CROMWELLS, HAMPDENS,

PYMS,

Prussia must learn a new art.

Talk was on English Sovereign's side,

But Deed on English people's ;

Roundheads had crowns that braved a crack,

Beneath their hats like steeples."

Has BISMARCK ta'en your measure true,

Long-suffering Prussian brothers ?

Are we so different, we and you,

Close-kinned as were our mothers ?

Is talk the utmost of your will,

Or are you only waiting,

For BISMARCK'S lesson to bear fruits,
And deeds to oust debating ?

HERR GRABOW hopes that Prussia'll stand
Still by the Constitution !

Stand by it, yes : strike for it, no —

That would be revolution !

"God save the King !" such is the cry,

With which you close the Session —

Suppose you add, "and grant us pluck

To temper our discretion."

— Punch.

I AM THE FAMILY CAT.

I CAN fold up my claws

In my soft velvet paws,

And purr in the sun

Till the short day is done —

For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour

In the vine-covered bower,

Winking and blinking

Through sunshine and shower —

For I am the family cat.

From the goosebury bush,

Or where bright currants blush,

I may suddenly spring

For a bird on the wing,

Or dart up a tree,

If a brown nest I see,

And select a choice morsel

For dinner or tea,

And no one to blame me,

Berate me or shame me —

For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night,

When the ground is all white,

And the icicles shine

In a long silver line,

I stay not to shiver

In the moonbeam's pale quiver,

But curl up in the house

As snug as a mouse,

And play Jacky Horner

In the cosiest corner,

Breaking nobody's laws,

With my chin on my paws,

Asleep with one eye and awake with the other,

For pats from the children, kind words from the

mother —

For I am the family cat.

LEARNING TO WALK.

ONLY beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go ;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee ;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard ;
But mother (you'd hardly think so)
Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry ;
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O ! guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat !

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, O ! give them rest.

GEORGE COOPER.

Evening Post.

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window ;
Two laughing, bright eyes looking out at
me ;

Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple ;
Mother-bird is coming ; baby, do you see ?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and
azure,
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree ;

Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of
ribbon,
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself as mothers will,
Spake I softly, " God in Heaven
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gain and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from Thee ;
But from want and sin and sorrow
Keep her ever pure and free."

* * * * *

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently ;
Two little curtained eyes,
Looking out no more for me ;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore ;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor ;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white ;
These are left me — and these only
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying,
Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly
stain,

Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly
straying,

But I miss her *sadly* by the window pane,
Till I look above it: then with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
Eor I see her, angel, pure and white and sin-
less,

Walking with the harpers, on the sea of
glass.

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below ;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars ;
Baby's looking out at me.